



POEMS



BY

WILLIAM · CLEAVER · WILKINSON ·



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P O E M S

BY

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

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THE MOST CHIVALROUS OF FRIENDS

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POEMS.

FORESHADOWINGS.

I sit and sigh, but not with idle pain ;
I have outlived the callow heats of youth ;
The time of buds that go to come again
Is past with me, and I desire the truth.

The deep, deep truth of long, long love I need ;
I have no heart to waste in fruitless bloom,
But all my heart I have for love indeed,
And all my heart goes forth to meet my doom.

What can I do, but sit and fold my hands ?
I hear no footfalls of the one to come—
Else I would rise and run through many lands
To meet her coming, and to lead her home.

What do I long for?—since I know not whom ;
I long for peace from longing, and for rest ;
Whether that I grow old—I find in room
Of venturous pinions now a homesick breast ;

Homesick, though not with retrospective pain,
Hollow with hunger for a home to be,
Breaking for longing toward a sweet refrain
Forever borne o'er an enchanted sea.

This wind and wave has worn my youth away ;
'Tis long to anchor by the Blessed Isles ;—
Yet there I dreamed for me a future lay
Securely glad in one sweet woman's smiles.

Oh, inaccessible lady charmed from me !
I see thee sit at evening by my fire,
A light of wifely welcome circling thee,
As home I draw to answer thy desire.

I see thee there, my queen of feast and grace,
Throned at my board, dispense the Attic cheer ;
I look across and watch thee in thy place,
Mine, and so fair—so queenly, and so dear.

I hear thee sing clear carols of the hearth,
Pensive and sweet, in tender twilight glooms ;
My children love the music more than mirth,
And gather in from all the darkening rooms.

Steals on a holier household hour than all :
Thy children grouped about their mother's chair,
Upon thy knees with them I see thee fall—
Most beautiful among thy children there !

I talk with thee alone—I stroke thy hair—
I read thy eyes—I fold thee to my breast ;
We mix our mutual dreams, and purely share
Love lapsing on through all our raptured rest.

The days go onward ever, sun and rain ;
The nights between them follow, cloud or star ;
The same to us, no matter loss or gain,—
Each unto each what naught could make, can mar.

And we grow old together, in my dream,
Like blended rivers placid toward the sea—
Alas, but now my lone divided stream
Still hither, thither, roves in quest of thee !

"WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET."

My maiden visions curb their airy flights,
And droop their pinions and come back to me ;
That first fair world, with all its young delights
And morning hopes, they can no longer see.

My girlhood's world lies lost beneath the flood
Of light, bright days that fell like silver rain,
Swollen from the fountains of my womanhood,
Now broken up, not to be sealed again.

But lo ! another world, as fair, more calm,
Arise like Delos, floats upon the wave ;
I bare my brow to breezes blowing balm,
And smile through tears above my girlhood's grave.

A tender longing, full of gracious pain,
A want more rich than wealth possessed before,
Delicious rumors rife in heart and brain,
And rosy warmth that flush me more and more ;

A sense of incompleteness, new and strange,
Something that draws me toward support beside—
A hundred nameless heraldries of change
Forewarn me of a chance that may betide.

I watch to meet an eye I have not met ;
I hearken for a voice I have not heard ;
I tremble toward a touch that hath not yet
The dreaming blood's expectant pulses stirred.

Sometimes a look will startle, or a tone ;
A touch sometimes half seem to shake my heart ;
A moment then alone is more alone,
And fates were sweet together, not apart.

Yet well content with blessed discontent,
I dream my dream, nor care to waken soon ;
The dream bides fair, though fairer far be meant,
Let the white dawn delay the golden noon.

So watch, my heart, and let me dream my dream ;
Watch, and awake me when the time shall come ;
Perhaps our prince is nearer than we deem,
But greet him thou—my dream may make me dumb.

PILGRIMAGE.

PILGRIM I am, and make my way alone ;
Sometimes I pitch my tent, when not for rest ;
Then, as I sit and muse, there cometh one,
My heart's unbidden, yet most welcome guest :
I know her nigh by neither word nor sign,
Only a sweeter light within the rich sunshine.

Or, if it be the saintly close of day,
And the day's so beguiled march be o'er,
Then by a starrier clearness in the ray
Of love's clear star, from that deep sunset shore,
I know my angel is within my tent,
And her gold-shadowing spirit o'er my spirit leant.

Or, if at midnight, while I lie asleep,
A secret glory down the moonbeam roll ;
Or some serene transfiguration creep
Over the clustering stars that crowd the pole,

Tingeing my dreams, then waking me to dreams,
I know that these are her annunciation-gleams.

Fresher than morning, when the morning breaks,
Breaks from my East the morning meant for me ;
East is to me the way my angel takes
To reach my tent, whate'er that way may be ;
To her my tent-door opens self-withdrawn,
And to the bridegroom sun swing wide the gates of
dawn.

So noonday, evening, midnight, morning, I
Lonely am not, although I dwell alone ;
But my blind-poet heart doth prophesy,
Dreaming a dream and vision of her own—
One tent, not far, by Elim's springs and palms,
And two that, side by side, sit singing pilgrim
psalms.

WHOSE WAS THE BLAME?

WHOSE was the blame? Our crescent love had
grown

Full like the moon which, that December eve,
Calmly and brightly on our bridal shone—

The wane of Love, what future months re-
trieve?

The winter moon seemed long to pause at full,
Tranced fair and large in those pure spheres of
sky,

Night after night, as by some miracle
Charmed not to wane, lest Love should wane and
die.

But the moon waned, and shrank into her grave,
Thence duly, month by month, to issue new—
Love from her "vacant interlunar cave"
No long fulfilment of her cycle drew.

We never knew what first the perfect shield
Touched with the little dint that grew so wide
Afterward—and left at last the ample field
Starry in vain, whence Love had waned and died.

Whose was the blame? In her young horoscopes
Of the sweet wedded years that were to be,
I still had been the sovereign of her hopes,
The star that ruled her bright astrology.

And one fair face, forever formed anew,
Had closed to me the vistas of my way;
All voices sworn of lovely, good, or true,
Heard, or but dreamed, had one sweet thing to say.

Whose was the blame? We saw each other such,
And clasped each other's hands without surprise;
Our mutual souls saluted in the touch,
And doubt was slain between our conscious eyes.

Were we not one? Then twain were never one!
Our beings mixed and beat the same desire.
Whose was the blame? All things beneath the sun
Change, and this changed; but Love, could Love
expire?

MINE WAS THE BLAME.

MINE was the blame—all, all that cruel blame—

Mine, mine, not ours, but only, only mine ;
We knew not, thou nor I, but when he came,
Death came, great Death, Death taught me mine
and thine.

He showed me thy cold hand, that clasped no more ;
He showed me thy shut eyes in that eclipse ;
He showed me thy fixed face, where played before
The sweet sad smile—yet frozen on thy lips.

Alone I knelt by that still shrine of clay,
Whence the fair inner light of life had fled ;
I could not see within—'twere vain to pay
Vows at a shrine whose gentle saint was dead !

Yet I did long to tell thee, gentle saint,
What the wise master Death was telling me ;
My heart grew heavy with uneased complaint,
Unwonted not to turn for ease to thee.

Did I not move thee somewhat, placid clay,
Did I not move thee somewhat with my pain ?
Heardest thou naught of all I yearned to say ?
Oh, ears how deaf, and oh, desire how vain !

Thy look seemed gracious that was so severe ;
The awe was more for that no awe was meant ;
The fast pathetic eye that found no tear !
The lips relenting that did not relent !

“Thine was the blame,” Death said, and touched
thy hand ;
“This hand,” he said, “was warm when thine was
cold ;
See, I have closed these eyes from thy demand
Of the old looks to looks no more the old,

“And this cheek sealed, and these lips locked,” said
Death,
“Now they are mine, not thine,” he sternly
said,
“Thine was the blame ; therefore I stopped her
breath.”
“O Death,” I said, “and would that I were dead !”

Judicial Death made answer: "Nay, but live ;
I doom thee thus—thy punishment be life ;
Yet Death at last is kind, and can forgive ;
What if loss gain whom gain had lost—thy wife ?"

So Death the judge was Death the comforter ;
Thou, therefore, pitying saint, be comforted ;
Just purgatorial pains brief space defer
The nuptials wherein we aright will wed.

JOHN'S POEM.

I MET him in the Pitti Palace, changed
From the fair boy that I had known at school,
And loved, a score of years before—man-grown,
A full bass voice from 'twixt his bearded lips,
And a wife leaning on his yielded arm.

Slow sauntering to and fro, from this to that,
And back to reperuse the artist's thought
In a new light, or with some deeper guess
More deeply seen, they lingered, and I watched
And made him out. John's old-time look—
The gesture of the hand, the mobile brow,
The smile, the mien, the air—all, all was his,
The same, the same, my friend. I went toward him
To call his name and claim him; but his eye
Met mine with a regard so alien-wise,
And seemed to challenge my intent with such
A courteous hospitality of doubt
That I was dashed to disbelieve my guess.

“Pardon,” I said, “but something that I saw,
Or fancied, in your face and port, misled
My eyes to find in you an old-time friend—
And still, sir, you are still so strangely like—”
We looked at one another eye to eye,
Till suddenly our souls swam to our eyes,
And “John!” and “Walter!” made us boys and
friends.

One evening after, at their inn, I sat
Till late to talk with John of the old days,
His wife a silent partner of our talk
And waiting for our mutual tales to reach
The time when she knew John—it seemed half
strange

To her that any one had known her John
Before she knew him—but her silent art
In listening lent its secret charm to make
Our reminiscences more sweet to both,
And lure us farther on. At last John said :

“There, Mary, you remember, we first met.”

And Mary smiled with such a woman's grace
Of gladness to be blended in John's thought

With scenes so dear to him, that I conceived
A wish, too sudden for the second mind
That hastened after with its late reproof,
To know their lovers' story—how they met
And loved, and what the fortunes of their love.
I said :

“ If I could hear how you two met,
And mastered fate, and out of twain were one,
Perhaps, perhaps, I know not, it might yield
Solution of a riddle of my life
Which baffles me.”

Misgiving made me bold,
And I went on :

“ So, frankly, Madam, here
In your own presence, for my loyal pledge
Of being no curious prier only, I,
By leave assumed from you as not saying nay,
Beg to be told what other may be told
How John found you and won a noble wife.

“ Now, John, the whole, the crescent, wax and
wane,

Eclipses, occultations, all, to the full moon,
And long, long light, and cloudless sky, of love
In wedlock."

John and Mary smiled,
But whether yes or no, I did not guess,
Shutting my eyes to dream what I should hear.

And John :

"Well, Mary, shall I tell him all—
How frankly you surrendered first to me ;
And how your heart misgave you afterward,
To make you doubt yourself and doubt the truth
Of the most true conclusion of your life ?
Ah, Mary, you, unconscious four-o'clock,
Folded yourself demurely from my love,
And played at death to me, deceiving not
Your lover, who was wiser, but yourself.
I never gave you up through that long lapse,
Long to the doubt and fear that made my love
Delicious with a sad solicitude
Of hope, though brief as one swift week of June.
It was not all at unawares to me

When you shut up your bloom and ceased to
breathe

Your heart of sweetness out in sacrifice
To make me rich—a warning went before.
Forewarned, I watched and waited for the life
Of love within my folded flower to rise
And fling her petals open fair again.
Once wooed, twice won, I wedded you my wife."

"A poem, or a parable?" I asked.

"Perhaps some echo out of days so sweet,
Or sad—and sad, yet not unsweet"—he said,
"Still lingers in my heart to tune my speech
In speaking of them. They were very sweet,
A poem and a parable to me.

"I never told you, Mary, but true love
Even made your John a rhymer for that once
In all his life—'twas with no wish or will
Of mine, and therefore with no blame to me.
A rhythm in nature, then full pressed with June,
And music in the motion of my blood
Turned all my thoughts of you perforce to song.

My song was very brave and gay at first
And thankful ; not the birds rejoice in choir
Over the springing grass and bursting flowers,
More than the soul of song within me born
Caroled for awe and gladness over you.
But a strong wind bore down the flying jet
Of music from the fountain of my heart,
And bent it prone to pathos ; then again
It soared and triumphed, for that wind went down.

“ But, parable or poem, here it is : ”

MY FLOWER.

I.

My God hath made a flower to blow
For me, for me alone ;
There is no other heart can know,
No other but my own,
The sweetness of this human flower,
That blooms for me alone.

She blossoms when she wills, my flower,
But always wills to me ;
The rest that came to find her bower,
They came, but did not see
The flower, that would not bloom for them
But always wills to me.

She waited twenty springs in leaf,
 Distilling sun and shower,
Her maiden-April joy and grief,
 To sweetness every hour—
Such change to sweetness never yet
 Did suffer sun and shower.

But when God drew my feet to where
 She folded up her heart
And twenty years of sweetness there,
 The leaf began to part
And show the flower, that never now,
 Shall never fold her heart.

I cannot tell why this is so;
 It seems an utter grace;
There is no cause in me, I know,
 No power of worthiness;
But I remember ONCE before
 An equal utter grace.

Does any doubt discomfort me?
 Is it not perfect bliss?
Surely I know my dream will be
 More and more rich than this.
Strange, that the foolish heart should fear
 Too sudden-perfect bliss!

My flower's breath grows sweet and faint,
Like the lark's voice when far ;
But the lark feels the earth's constraint,
He does not cross the bar—
The lark comes back—I cannot think
My flower will faint too far.

II.

She was not mistress of her will ;
“ My time of bud and leaf,
My folded bloom, so rich and still,
Alas ! 'twas all too brief,”
My flower repined, in wish and dream
Relapsing into leaf.

And so she swooned away from me,
One syncope of bloom,
And that rose heart ceased suddenly
Its pulses of perfume ;
The others called it death, but I,
Only suspense of bloom.

She swooned of her own sweetness then ;
The fragrance she exhaled
Became the breath she breathed again,
'Twas so her being failed :
It was not life for her, but me,
The fragrance she exhaled.

But in a trance of love and hope,
 Long hope, begot of love,
Long love, hope-nurtured, like a cope
 Of prophet's warmth, above
That hoarding heart of sweet, I watched
 The second bloom of love.

The blithe young year was flush with June ;
 No flower withheld its gift ;
A holocaust of incense boon
 The priestess tribes uplift ;
Amid this wide oblation how
 Shall she withhold her gift ?

She yields, she blooms—the blossomed bowers,
 Sweet with self-sacrifice,
The sister-love of censer flowers
 Prevailed to make her wise ;
My flower had learned that flowers are sweet
 For sweet self-sacrifice !

And now her frank and open bloom,
 Wide to the air and sun,
Feels with each waft of lost perfume
 New strength for sweetness won :
Sweet and not faint her breath has grown,
 Since wide to air and sun.

There grew a fine vibration in John's voice,
The pathos of past gladness, as he read.

“Words, Walter, words—a riddle, if you will ;
Take them and spell them out—I make them yours.
Sitting by Mary and remembering all,
Dear friend, I trust for you some good like mine.”

THE WIFE'S VIGIL.

THE clock was noiseless as the creep of time ;
Only the soft throb of the pendulum,
But felt, not heard, and like the pulsing blood.
The slow, persistent dial hands paced round
The dull same sentry-beat about the hours,
And stood, or seemed to stand, at two—blank two—
The dead-point of the circling night. A lamp
Burned dim, with a low vigil flame, and lit
The room in steadfast shadow, where one waked
To watch another's sleep. The husband slept,
And the wife waked ; and they two were alone.

The sick man's bosom scarcely heaved with
breath,
And she scarce breathed to see him scarcely breathe.
He must not wake, or he will wake to die ;
But if he sleep, then he may sleep to live.
O Night, dear Night, kind luller of all sounds,

Slow Night, still Night, nurse him with dark and
calm !

He shall not hear me breathe, nor hear my heart
Beat, though it beat nothing but love for him.

Hush! Hark! A footstep! for I heard it well.
He did not hear it ; and it falls again.
Another ! And another ! If he wake !
He shall not wake. Those cat-like footsteps still !
But it is well, if he must rob the house,
He walks so softly. Oh, poor man—bad man !
Now, angels, weave your charms to shield his sleep !
O God, thou givest thy beloved sleep !
O my beloved, God's beloved, sleep !

Outside with patient cunning he had plied,
The prowler, his long purpose in the dark
Without a sound, and wrought it, entering in.
He spied the light, and the light drew him on.
A moment on the border of the dark,
The spirit of the darkness, hovering,
There in the centre of her sphere of light,
The spirit of the light, he saw her sit—
The woman, beautiful, and pure, and pale—

With shut eyes, rapt in prayer, and calm, and strong.

A power from the vision fell on him.

He had not guessed in his dark heart how much

Good overmatches evil, in its strength

To watch, and wait, and work, and overcome.

He in his doubt and pause, she raised her eyes

And saw all in an instant. Instantly,

With simultaneous thought and act, she rose—

A finger on her lips to make him dumb—

And turned, and from their secret drawer took

The keys to all the treasures of the house ;

Then all as if he were her servant come

In answer to her call to do her wish—

And he became her servant in the sign—

Moved like a moving statue silently,

To meet the wondering robber where he stood.

The straight regard of those clear, steadfast eyes,

Bent on him without fear, or horror, or doubt,

Wrought a confusion in his brain and sense,

And quelled his evil boldness in the man.

She did not fear, but he was sore afraid.

She looked no horror of him, but he conceived

A horror of his own self, and of his deed.
She dwelt secure in purpose and result ;
But he was baffled in perplexity.
Good made her light, and evil darkened him.

She held the keys forth, pointing with mute sign
To him that lay so still in sleep or death.
The robber saw and understood, and took
Involuntary purpose suddenly.
He shook his head in silence for his sign,
And, stepping ~~velvet~~, vanished as he came.

So the light purged him off into the dark.
Perhaps a spark of light abode in him
That after leavened his nature into light.

CONSOLATION.

I DREAMED last night of our darling boy,
He shouted aloud for glee ;
O love, but it filled my heart with joy
His ruddy health to see !

And I said, My love, why, here is our son,
He is not dead, he is here ;
See him frisk and run in his frolic and fun,
And hark to his voice, how clear !

It was all but an evil dream, my love,
Thank God, it is over and past !
Our bending and watching his bed above
So long, and so vainly at last.

What a strange, foolish dream it was, my dear,
But how real and how sad it seemed !
We did not guess, in our grief and our fear,
We could not guess, that we dreamed.

We thought it was surely so, that he
Lay wearily waiting to die ;
We thought it was surely so, that we
Sat muffling our mutual cry.

I laughed in my dream : Love, let us be wise,
Lo, how little this looks like death !
I laughed, but the tears made a mist in my eyes,
And I breathed as if fearful of breath.

For the spell of that past which I dreamed was a
dream—
It abode, and it still would abide ;
Insomuch that I yet could not utterly deem
But somehow 'twas true he had died.

And still, and still, the long, drear days,
And the longer nights between,
Wherein we twain went those death-shade ways,
They still seemed indeed to have been.

I could not forget his sad, dull look,
The look of precocious pain,
That the sweet little face not once forsook,
Not once let it brighten again !

And the cry that he cried—you remember his cry,
 One intense inarticulate plea,
 Piercing keen from his heart to that Heart in the
 sky :
 Lord Jesus, have mercy on me !

I heard it again, pang-spiced arrow of sound,
 It clove to the quick of my sleep ;
 I awoke, and awake, alas, love, I found
 There was bitter occasion to weep.

For our boy was not there, I but dreamed of our boy,
 Our beautiful Arthur and brave ;
 The vision had vanished, that vision of joy,
 And Arthur remained in his grave.

In his grave, that bright being ! Nay, beloved, not so,
 That brightness, that sweetness, survive ;
 They never could bury such sunshine, I know ;
 Little Arthur, be sure, is alive.

Believing, beloved, is blessed content ;
 We shall weep, but our tears will be peace ;
 To betoken what is, that vision was sent,
 What is, and what never shall cease !

A PICTURE OF MEMORY.

It may be that in after time,
As hath been in the time before,
These pleasant thoughts that fall to rhyme
Will leave me lone forevermore.

I seem to see a radiant hearth,
And looks of trust, and happy eyes ;
I catch the sound of children's mirth,
Laughter and words and quick replies.

The father sits, with calm content,
The sober centre of the scene,
Reading with visage downward bent,
Or musing with abstracted mien.

Beside him, seeking hidden joy,
His favorite books around him spread,
A frank, clear-eyed, and serious boy
Converses with the wiser dead.

The daughters share the mother's mind,
Wearing a brow of household care ;
While untouched youth from eyelids kind
Looks out upon a world all fair.

They win you with the woman's grace,
Most quiet and pervasive power—
An influence raining from the face,
The unconscious fragrance of a flower.

But thou, O high and queenly heart,
My elder and superior friend,
Who, filling well the mother's part,
Knowest thou hast no nobler end,

All this fair picture utters thee ;
The vision and the light are thine,
And that pure air of sanctity
Which breathes this spell of peace divine.

O image near of heaven afar,
Ideal-perfect dream of home,
Clear in my reverie as a star,
And steadfast, whereso'er I roam—

Leave me not lone ; I cannot be
Utterly homeless anywhere,
While Memory builds this house for me,
And lights her fires of welcome there.

A DEDICATION.

AFTER SPENSER.

As when, in isle in ocean far away,
Faring o'er wave of his world-wandering tide,
Which forlorn mariner, of winds the play,
Where its green spot on azure deep doth ride,
Spies, and misdeems he spies the enchanted side
Of sweet-souled Spenser's western fairy world,
Bright dream ! him landed greets the gentle pride
Of unknown flower, he tendeth well, the curled
Wave o'er, that stranger flower, where'er his course
is hurled :

So, sister mine, summing the mazy throng
Of earthly ills, yet heavenward making way,
In some far year perhaps this simple song
That hies from heart in wondrous merry play,
As water welleteth to the pleasant day,

Will woo thy small regard with downcast air ;

In other years, as he the flower, so may

Thou very gently cherish it, and bear

Its bosomed sweet remembrance whereso'er thou
fare !

THE POET'S MINE.

THERE is a power or passion of the spirit,
Oh ! wrought not, laid not, by the spirit's will,
But coming, going, as the fit may wear it,
Or he, the viewless conjurer, compel,
That feigns, translates, transmutes whatever fill
Earth, ocean, air, the substance of the mind,
Into bright forms and essences, that still
Flit with its shifting phase, return refined
To more pure modes of grace more gloriously
combined.

These pass into the spirit ; there they grow
Into a clearer beauty ; thus they blend
With her own being ; an empyreal glow,
And they are one—yet not the same ; these lend
Their life, and the blithe spirit hastes to spend
An effluence of her quality divine
Which makes them co-immortal : without end
This passes with the poet, till a mine
Of jewels purest-wrought doth in his spirit shine !

NESHOBEE.

AFTER SPENSER.

NESHOBEE was a little lovely spot

You may have dreamed some drowsy summer's
noon,

But to have seen hath been above your lot,

For now, alack-a-day, and much too soon,

Its charms have passed from underneath the
moon!

Aye me, sweet one, and might thy sooth minstrel

Acquaint his harp how that the fond raccoon,

And witty fox, and every brute gentle,

And every bird and bloom inhabited thy dell!

Two undulating lines of hill-top green

Did hide the rising and the setting sun,

Yet that against the East excelled, I ween,

And so the prime part of his course was run

Before the waxing fervors were begun;

And then what time he, ardent eye of day,
 Did nearly look the western woods upon,
 Behind the opposite less steep alway
 He dropped, yet shed o'er half the heaven a milder ray.

These were, in sooth, an arborous battlement,
 That eke for beauty and for use might be,
 Whereon did grow each tree of good intent
 The careful clime could nurse right ruggedly ;
 The rigid beech, the courtly hickory,
 The maple bleeding sweets, the solemn spruce,
 The impressible bass, the poplar, Quaker he,
 The sceptre-bearing birch, once—now this use,
 O star-eyed Progress ! is an ascertained abuse.

And more there were, not worthless to be sung,
 But that it would my hasting harp delay .
 To tell how fair the mountain ash uphung
 Her silver blossoms, or her berries gay
 Vermilion ; how the vine, with tendril spray,
 And flexible endeavor, twined the grove
 To amity ; so there the summer day
 Fainted for sweetness of one dream of love,
 A sense of joy and peace, like broodings of the dove !

THE VALE OF OTTER.

ONE frolic leap from the farewell caress
Of mountains joying in so fair a child,
And Otter, 'scaped through woody wilderness,
Lapses into a love-lorn valley mild
Of swaying vines, and river willows wild,
And many a bloomy grass, and many a flower,
By whose sweet kiss the dallying wave beguiled
Still in the prime, the late, the middle hour,
Lingers through all his banks, a bright continuous
bower.

The river cherry, on the swimming brink,
Sends down his bibulous root to seek the wave ;
With fellow thirst, the willows drooping drink
Through darkling roots and branches sunny brave;
And all between, the long green grasses lave,
Lapping the current's coolness ; here and there,
The miner musk-rat winds his gallery-cave,
And wantons in the water ; everywhere
Whatever thrives in moist battens on banquet fare.

So flush and full the convex river runs,
And seamless green the endless meadow weaves ;
Ever on either side the valley shuns,
With flexile sweep, some wooded bastion's eaves
Flung from the fortress mountains ; and all leaves
Of trees that love the water-brink emboss,
As with boon Nature's never-garnered sheaves,
The level valley with their mounded gloss,
Along the linked curves of Otter's living fosse.

The banks are brim with water hazel-brown,
The vale is brim with meadow living-green,
Through fluent grass the river wanders down,
And grass and river make one liquid scene.
It seems blue Leman changed to emerald sheen,
With waves of verdure capped with leafy spray,
Where urgent Rhone has slacked his current keen,
To heal the gentle wound with long delay,
By which through all that peace he cleaves his
warrior way.

THE ISLAND OF TRANQUILLITY.

HITHER withdrawn from all the world's disease,
The dwellers do a gentle life consume,
And comfort loss with fair philosophies
Of the other realm, and of the latter doom
Of such as hide their footsteps in the tomb.
So many much-loved pathways there have ceased,
Ceased from observance—though in larger room,
From all besetments of the flesh released,
No doubt the unseen steps to godlike space increased!

Here let us change discourse perpetually
Of household forms beheld no longer here :
Father who went, and left small memory,
But that was holy with a happy tear.
Mild fell the light of sunset on his bier—
Buried, we thought, with the beloved head
To leaven the oppressive soil—and in our ear
A murmur : “ Dying in the Lord,” it said,
“ Henceforth the dead is blest ”—and blessed was
the dead !

And one that followed, ere the flower had turned
To any fruit or lost its youthful hue ;
But not before her prepared spirit had learned
The careful step that keeps the pathway true,
Through pastures green, forever wet with dew
From clouds on Zion's hill : her breath was sweet
With airs of heaven, that on her forehead blew.
From hill to hill of prospect now her feet,
Like Morning round the world, are walking pure
and fleet.

We yet perforce contented bide our while,
Where gentle shores of resignation bound,
On every side about, our Blessed Isle,
With long slope sliding toward the gulfs profound
Of the mid-sea of sorrow moaning round :
Far off the rude roar of the storm retreats,
And in our ears sinks to a soothing sound ;
Lulled in a lovely weather, our calm seats
Keep their pathetic calm whatever tempest beats.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

WHEN the sole sun is low,
And myriad stars watch in the wakeful even,
Where lights that crystalline glow,
Suffusing faint and fair the azure slopes of heaven ?

Is it the icy field
That masks, at either pole, the fervid sway
Wherewith the earth is wheeled,
Flaming, unwasting, in the slant sun's frory ray ?

Is it the restless spirit
That haunts the bosom of the universe,
In void he doth inherit,
Kindling the electric flames that thought and being
nurse ?

Is it a weird portent,
Written in lightning on the living wall
Of the far firmament,
Pointing some world aghast to fate's impending fall ?

Is it the flushing flame
Of some more fine ethereal sphere on fire,
With radiant hue of shame
Mantling the conscious heaven above the funeral
pyre?

Is it the vivid beam
Once fixed in splendor 'twixt the cherubim,
Its winged Shekinah-gleam
Lighting the lonely sky with awful sign of Him?

THE WOLVES' FEAST.

A LITTLE maid went tripping through the wood,
Sunny, and sweet, and gay, in light or shade,
Most like a gush of laughter, or a song.

She and the world were young, that morning
made,
And they twain played together children-wise.
The archer sun shot at her shafts of gold,
And the maid caught them in her net of hair,
And kept them to be sunshine round her head.
The fragrant breezes blew into her face
Out from the laughing heaven, like its own breaths,
And she received them thence, and gave them back,
Fragrance for fragrance. Overhead in glee
The swinging branches clapped their leafy hands
To cheer her ; and she, pleased with their applause,
Ran like a spirit. Birds from every bough
Saluted her their fellow, and her voice
Rang birdlike back, in gracious mimicry,

Taking and giving welcome ; till at last,
Tired with her too much gladness, she sat down
Upon a mossy bank amid the wood,
And sank in sleep—the sudden, utter lapse
Of childhood in oblivion. So she lay,
The basket by her side in which she bore
His noon's refreshment to her father, where
He swung his woodman's ax against the trees.

He, by the dial of his appetite,
Guessing it noon, with one more sturdy blow
To sound of sudden hearty breath sent home,
Drove deep the biting edge into the quick
Heart of the wood, and left it fixed ; then turned
And glanced along the twinkling path of green
That led through forest to his cabin ; dwells
A doubtful moment looking heedfully ;
Sees nothing that he seeks ; in doubt again,
Takes the sun's height with practised eye, and notes
How fall the shadows, wondering more and more
To miss the coming of the little feet.

With slow, suspicious circumspection now,
The father in him roused to anxious fears,

He moves his steps to meet his child. He comes
To that cool bank of moss whereon she sat,
To find—no daughter. There her basket lay,
Where the sleep-helpless hand had slacked its hold
Upon it ; but the little hand was gone.

Rapt in fixed fear and horrible suspense,
He strains his eyes around to seize some hint
Further of what mishap had fallen on her.
Nothing—save a chance heap of withered leaves
Beside, that mocked him with the shape and size
And seeming of a little child's fresh grave.
He stares vacantly at it, and the wind
Moved it, or did it move from underneath ?
A gentle undulation heaved the mound
From head to foot. Then, as the slumberer turned
Half on one side unconsciously, apart
Fell the light coverlet of leaves, and forth
A little aimless hand was flung to view,
Grasping at nothing for an instant seen,
Seen and forgotten, in a land of dreams.

The father gave no pause to wonder ; stooped,
Snatched up his child as from her grave, and ran,

Ran with prone speed and breathlessly,
And hid his darling in her mother's arms.
Then, without stay for question or reply,
Straight he sped back to that same bank of moss
Where, adding leaves, he heaped the mound again
With heed, and brought it to the shape and size
And seeming of a little child's fresh grave.
So done, he chose, amid the massy top
Of a full-foliaged maple standing nigh,
A seat where, masked from sight, he might at-
tend
What sequel, if some sequel, should ensue.

With long leap, leisurely, a file of wolves,
As to some goal, drew winding through the wood,
And paused beside the mound. One seemed to
guide,
And the rest heeded. These, in grim array,
Ranged in a row of expectation sat,
Gaunt guests, but biding till the feast were served.
Then he that seemed to guide removed the leaves
With ceremony—to find his feast was flown.
He crouched in craven fear at that surprise,
Piteously moaning ; but a dismal howl

Of grief and of revenge and ravin foiled
Arising, those fell brethren of the wood
Set on him all together, tooth and claw,
And in one moment rent him limb from limb.

Feasted, but not with food, they went away.

THE SONG OF RUNAWAY POND.

"Long Pond, or, as it is now commonly called, 'Runaway Pond,' was formerly situated on the summit of a hill in the towns of Glover and Greensborough, Vt., and was one of the sources of Lamoille River. In June, 1810, an attempt was made to open an outlet from it to Barton River on the north, when the whole waters of the pond, which was one and a half miles long and half a mile wide, tore their way through the quicksand, which was only separated by a thin stratum of clay from the pond, and advanced in a wall from sixty to seventy feet high and twenty rods wide, carrying before them mills, houses, barns, fences, forests, cattle, horses, and sheep, levelling the hills and filling up the valleys till they reached Lake Memphremagog, twenty-seven miles distant, in about six hours from the time they left the pond. The inhabitants had just sufficient notice to escape with their lives."—*New American Cyclopædia*, vol. xvi., Art. VERMONT.

I.

My throne is on the mountain, and underneath my
feet
The pulses of the fountain of youth eternal
beat ;
For what Adam's sons and daughters have sought
the world around,
Beneath my own bright waters and without quest
I found.

So no rude river rushes with noise athwart my
 dreams,
But my spring within me gushes, and I sit above
 the streams ;
And my ancient heart rejoices, and I feel as young
 as a boy,
I, that heard when the stars and the voices sang
 together and shouted for joy.

I am kindred with earth and with ocean, I'm in
 league with the sun and the sky,
Our couriers are ever in motion—they run, and they
 fall, and they fly ;
A rivulet runs with a greeting to the restless, im-
 perious sea,
He runs his message repeating in the ear of the
 earth for me.

I signal the sun in the morning with a waft from my
 bright water-woof,
It springs upward on pinions of scorning, and soars
 to the sky's azure roof ;

It meets a cloud-argosy sailing with news from the
much-seeing main,
And returns, with instinct unfailing, in a parachute
fall of rain.

I have held my changeless station six thousand
changeeful years,
And each insect generation of men, with their hopes
and fears,
Has swarmed into sudden existence, and fretting its
little day,
With a hopeless wail for resistance, has been whirled
in a moment away,

While I in my prophet-trances have felt them come
and go
But as tripping troops of fancies that huddle when
breezes blow,
And I ripple in wavelets of laughter, and I hug the
laughter down,
The sunshine shimmering after, till I gleam all
through like a crown.

So I dwell apart from the riot and noise of men's
tongues and their deeds,
At ease in long sabbaths of quiet and the strength
which tranquillity breeds ;
And my ancient heart rejoices, and I feel as young
as a boy,
I, that heard when the stars and the voices sang
together and shouted for joy.

II.

But a strange, incredible rumor is brought me now
and again
Of some wild, presumptuous humor that has taken
the children of men.
Do they deem that they will subdue me to run at
their bidding and beck ?
A nameless tremor thrills through me as I think of
the ruin and wreck

I will visit on them in the hour when they shatter
the holy vase
Where, held in the hand of His power, I have lain in
the light of His face.

Already I hear them approaching, the impious race
of mankind,
With stroke after stroke encroaching on my rest with
purposes blind.

They are near, and nearer, the vessel of clay that
encloses me round ;
I rouse, and I writhe, and I wrestle, I shudder and
shake at the sound !
They have reached it, they smote it, they break it—
now, now is my moment of wrath ;
Woe, woe to the mortals that wake it, and that stand
in my terrible path !

I tower on a swell oceanic, I swing my flood-gates
wide,
I stand in a stature Titanic, I take one dreadful
stride—
Down, down with a crash like the thunder, on, on
with the hurricane's roar,
As his bars had been broken asunder, and ocean
were shocking the shore.

I roll like a torrent Atlantic over hill and valley and
wood ;

I will wreak a vengeance gigantic on man and his
puny brood.

Oh ! 'tis joy to poise me impending one instant be-
fore I fall,

With a fury that mocks his defending, on his homes
and his hopes and his all.

How this forest bends beneath me ! I will pluck it
from the earth,

And its garland boughs shall wreathe me for the
revel of my mirth.

I am glad and mad with this rattle and roar of my
headlong tide ;

I will scoop up their sheep and their cattle, and
give them a cataract ride.

Aha ! I see they have captured my kinsman, and
set him in thrall,

But he hearkens and hears me enraptured, as I rush
to his rescue and call,

And call aloud, with a clashing of the spears of my
warrior waves,
On-pouring, deep-roaring, high-dashing, booming
doom in all ears but the slave's.

So forward with flock, herd, and dwelling, with mill
and harvest and wood,
All atilt on the crests of my swelling, and tossed on
the horns of my flood,
Till I come where the famished abysses wait agape
with their horrible jaws,
And welcomed with kisses and hisses, I give them a
glut for their maws.

Now light like a cavalcade springing to the front of
the battle with speed,
Each rider his bridle-rein flinging on the thunder-
clad neck of his steed,—
But I see my vanguard is nearing a headland, massy
and steep,
And I choose to wheel careering with a wide and
winding sweep.

And here a sentinel mountain challenges me with a
frown,
But I curl my crest like a fountain and I dash the
sentinel down,
And over the slope of his shoulder, and into the sub-
ject plain,
With a billowy bound the bolder, I spring to my
path again.

Surely better than listless contentment to be lulled
in the lap of my hill,
Is this rush of resistless resentment, this march of
omnipotent will.
I had dreamed not the power, the glory, of a tumult
of motion and noise,
This race is the pride of my story, this roar is the
crown of my joys.

But I see the gleam of the waters on Memphrema-
gog's brow ;
I have emptied my vial of slaughters, I am ready for
peace again now :

I am coming, my sister, behold me,—let me sink
upon your breast,
Once open your arms to enfold me, and I shall not
break your rest.

AUGURIES.

NEW YEAR'S MORN, 1877.

Lo, mingling with the morning's pleasant glory
In the fresh East there hangs an alien light—
A dull red gleam of token sad and gory,
Portending war and war's wide-wasting blight !
This New Year's dawn it draws the wistful sight
Of half the expectant nations ; there it glows
Round from the southward toward the Arctic
night,
Glooming the Mediterranean, while it throws
Fiercely a sullen flame o'er Scandinavian snows.

It spans mid-Europe, and the continent
Glimmers beneath the vast sepulchral glare ;
The Saracen is lighted in his tent,
And sees his shadow at his evening prayer ;
Grimly it spreads to where the Russian bear

Couches in snows the secret of his power ;
The British lion from his island lair
Winks and returns the menace with a glower,
And the French eagle bides the portents of the hour.

By thousand leagues of ocean poured between, *
God guards thee safe, my country, from the bale ;
No brand of conflagration kindling keen,
Borne on the breast of any westward gale,
Can reach thee, fenced within thy watery pale ;
Let Europe all flame unto flagrant skies
That whelm her subject lands with fiery hail,
Here thou mayst sit lifting untroubled eyes
Up to a heaven o'er which pure light of promise lies.

But what if fire within thy heart be pent !
What if, my country, though thy heaven be fair,
Volcano rouse, and, forcing hideous vent
Through thy torn bosom to the upper air,
In self-engendered flames enwrap thee there !
That were worse ruin : that thy God forefend !
Quench the quick spirit of fire within thee ! Spare
Lava at least fed from thyself, to send
Redoubling flood on flood to waste thee without end !

THE PREPARATION.

"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed."
—*Old Testament.*

As, when a sovereign of the Orient moves
With stately pomp of progress through his land,
And heralds cry before him, where he goes :
"Cast up a highway for the advancing king!"
The obsequious provinces, with eager speed,
Throng to the pageant's van from every side,
Pluck up the rooted forests from their seats,
Bind torrent streams with bridges, as with chains,
Lift up the valleys and bow down the hills,
To smooth a broad access to that array ;
So chosen Hebrew, Greek cosmopolite,
And subjugating Roman joined their part
With other names besides forgotten now,
Or less renowned—Egyptian, Canaanite,
Assyrian, Median, Persian—to prepare

From age to age a wide historic way,
Measuring full many a desert tract of time,
Spanning full many a secular abyss—
Blight, famine, plague, earthquake, and war, and
waste—

Before the coming of the King of kings.

OUR CHRISTMAS MORN.

WITH joy too deep for mirth, for sensual feast,
And echoing laughter—joy akin to tears,
And kindly to kind deeds, and to such thought
As turns to love, and to such love as turns
To prayer, and is returned in love again
Forever—so we hail our Christmas morn !

O day, sweet, if for but the gracious guile
We force on fancy to believe it once
Beheld the birth of Christ, how should we miss
The meaning of the gospel of thy dawn,
To let it usher in a time for us
Of only this world's gladness ! Not for this
Was that child born, in after years the Man
Of sorrows, and the Intimate of grief—
To fill void mouths the more with vulgar cheer,
And flood waste hearts with wassail for a day :
They teach us Christmas lore who know not Christ !

O Christ! Teach us thyself how we shall best
Honor thy birthday, year by year, when we
Are born ourselves therein anew to lives
Like thine, of exile even, or sacrifice,
Of toils and tears, to save the souls of men !

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

LAST night at twelve, amid the knee-deep snows,
A child of Time accepted his repose,—
The eighteen hundred fifty-sixth of grace,
With sudden chance, fell forward on his face.

Solemn and slow the winter sun had gone,
Sailing full early for the port of dawn ;
Across broad zones of the ethereal sea,
With even rate he voyaged far and free,
While the cone-shadow of the earth swept round
The other half of heaven's embracing bound—
A weird and mystic dial-hand to mark,
From orb to orb, along a shuddering arc,
Measured to music of the sphery chime,
The noiseless process of eternal time.

I walked in doubt and dread—as if the weight
Of all the impending heaven upon me sate :

The crisp snow creaked, my breath pushed stiffly
out,
And keen frost-sparkles merrily glanced about ;
The clear cold stars reached down a frothy ray,
Like a fine icicle accrete of spray,
That pricked my blood with many a light attack
Of Lilliput lances in my front and back.
For every several nerve alive to feel,
The eager season had some shrewd appeal.

And so the fields I gained, and there I found
The fresh dry snow laid by that querulous sound,
And all grew still as death. Within my breast
Hushing the noisy heart-beat on I pressed.

The punctual shadow to the summit drew ;
Twelve strokes of lighter silence fell like dew,
Audible to the spirit, and, behold,
The vision of the Dead Year was unrolled.
Full-length he leaned aslant the slumbering
snow,
Which clad all things in Chinese weeds of woe,
Easing his fall—that not a breath might mar
The listening awe that yearned from snow to star.

But over him doth a fair spirit smile,
As fain all grief with gladness to beguile ;
A torch he bears to light the world anew—
O blithe Young Year, but keep thy promise true !

A NEW YEAR'S TRIFLE.

WHAT a dreary, sad old father
Old Father Time must be,
No voices round his hearth-stone,
No children on his knee !

The little infant seconds
And minutes cannot stay,
They breathe their breath of being,
And go the breathless way.

The hours and days grow older,
But have a hastening date,
They die before their childhood,
And choose a changeless state.

The weeks and months a little
Weep for their kindred dead,
Then yield themselves to stillness,
And droop the dying head.

A very sad old father
Old Father Time must be,
No voices round his hearth-stone
No children on his knee !

DEDICATED.

Book of page inviolate,
Thee I seal and consecrate ;
Sacred thou henceforward art
Unto scriptures of the heart.

Fair and innocent thy look,
Leaves unwritten, little book ;
Written all thy leaves, be thou
Innocently fair as now !

Innocently fair, but then
Stored and storied from the pen,
Vow of friendship, counsel sage,
Subtle spell on every page.

Each white leaf upturn its face
With a meek, imploring grace,
Pray who writes bestow good care
Not to fleck what now is fair.

Little book, I charge thee be
Cheer to her that chose out thee ;
Comfort her with hand and token,
Signature of faith unbroken.

Hearken, book, a secret hear,
Low, bend low, thy hoarding ear,
Close, keep close, what thee I tell,
Or ensure thou use it well !

Whose thou art, her breast within,
Hides a book to thee a twin ;
Many a page is virgin still,
She may write there what she will.

Tell no other, but tell her ;
Haste to tell, and not defer ;
Tell her, bid her, beg, conjure,—
Make those living scriptures pure !

Thou wilt perish by and by,
Little book, with things that die ;
That, with things that live forever,
Will abide, to perish never,—

Aye, with all its scriptures clear,
Rescued from the burning sphere,
Will, with her that owns it, go
Endless ways in weal or woe.

Faithful monitor be thou ;
Sometimes, when she bends her brow ;
Over thee to con the signs,
Show her this between the lines.

IN AN ALBUM.

As flower new-born might spring to light
Amid sweet peers of earlier prime,
Yet write not on its frail leaves bright
Romancing of its father clime ;

As star might waken in the heaven
Where sister stars have waked for aye,
And, watching in the wakeful even,
Reveal not whence she brought her ray:

So, gentle lady, so this trace—
Of hand that may trail nevermore
Its simple tracery, to chase,
One time perhaps your memory o'er,

Forms that from long, long flitted days,
When thought was young and love was deep,
Come dimmest, sweetest through the maze
And melt into the heaven you weep—

So, haply, so this still sad sign
Yet to your casting thought shall give
No image of the strange face mine
To make my poor remembrance live!

HOW WE CAME TOGETHER.

THORWALDSEN'S Lion, gray and grim,
Rock in his rocky lair,
On who would rend his lily from him,
Glowered out with dying glare.

I mused awhile the sculptured stone,
My pilgrim staff in hand ;
Then turned to hold my way alone,
And lone, from land to land.

But God had other hap in store :
Even as I turned I met
A manly eye ne'er seen before—
I seem to see it yet !

Vanish the changeful years between,
Like morning-smitten rack ;
As, morning-like, that crescent scene
Comes dawning swiftly back.

Again, above, that mellow noon
And soft Swiss heaven doth yearn ;
Frowns still on us in pilgrim shoon
The Lion of Lucerne.

Once more each other's hands we take,
The pass-words fly betwixt ;
Though slack the speed that speech may make,
When heart with heart is mixed.

I see the green Swiss lake asleep
With Righi in her dream ;
We cross the lake, we climb the steep
To watch the world agleam.

The paths are many up the slope,
And many of the mind ;
We catch the flying clue of hope,
And wander where they wind.

The paths are fresh, the pastures green,
In walk or talk traversed ;
The Alpland meadow's grassy sheen
With many a streamlet nursed,

And the fair meadows of the soul
Forever fresh with streams
From the long heights of youth that roll,
The Righi-Culm of dreams.

We speak of summits hard to gain,
And, gained, still hard to keep ;
Of pleasure bought with glorious pain,
Of tears 'twas heaven to weep ;

And of a blessed Heavenly Friend
Who, struggling with us still,
Would break the blows else like to bend
The lonely human will ;

Or with some sudden vital touch,
At pinch of sorest need,
Would lift our little strength to much,
And energize our deed.

Our talk flows on, through strain or rest,
As up the steep we go ;
Each untried track of thought seems best
In hope's prelusive glow.

We loiter while the sun makes haste,
But we shall yet sit down
To watch the gleams of sunset chased
From mountain crown to crown.

Too long, too late—the splendor went
Or e'er we reached the goal ;
But a splendor had dawned that will never be spent
That day on either soul !

TRANSFIGURED.

PURE after pain, the earth refined away,
Serenely young, renewed in maiden bloom,
Her fair hands folded on her heart, she lay
In gentle death, and sanctified the room.

The bright translucent clay to which she turned,
The delicate sculpture's reasserted grace,
The pure white sheen that on her forehead burned
And fixed the glow of sainthood in her face,—

These traits of clear revival after death,
This flicker of refusal to decay,
We took for sign of soul surviving breath,
And seal of resurrection on the clay.

She ceased as doth a benediction cease,
Her parting breath pronounced the low amen
To life's long toil to frame the whisper, Peace—
The whisper perfect, wherefore breathe again ?

DESIDERIUM.

THE shattered water splashes down the ledge ;
The long ledge slants and bends between its
walls,
And shoots the current over many an edge
Of shelvy rock, in thin and foamy falls,—
With the same streaming light and numerous
sound,
As when his musing way he duly hither wound.

Up by this path along the streamlet's brink,
Into the cool ravine his footsteps wore ;
That was in other days—I bow and think
In sadness of the wealthy days of yore,
The fair far days, so wholly gone away,
When love, and hope, and youth before us boundless
lay.

He was a kind of genius of the glen,
The soul of sunshine in its heart of gloom ;

Nature's great mansion, wide to other men,
Here for the gentlest guest reserved a room,
Where she, in secret from the general throng,
Welcomed him fleeing oft and cheered him lingering
long.

But hospitable Nature seeks him now
Through her wide halls or cloistered cells in vain ;
The wistful face, the early wrinkled brow,
The peace that touched and purified the pain,
The slender form, dilate with noble thought,
The woman's welcoming smile for all fair things he
brought ;

The light, quick step, elastic but not strong,
Alert with springing spirit and tempered nerve—
Type of the heart direct that sped along
Swiftly where duty led, and did not swerve
For count of odds, or dread of earthly loss,
Buoyed with the costliest strength to bear the heaviest
cross ;

These tokens of that gracious presence here,
O Nature, you and I together mourn ;

But you and I, O Nature, have our cheer

Concerning him that helps our loss be borne—
You mould his dust to keepsake grass and flower,
What warmed his dust moulds me to forms of finer
power.

4*

A REMEMBERED TEACHER.

I SEE him now, importunate, eager, bold
To push for truth, as most to push for gold ;
Young then, with youth's fine scorn of consequence
He weighed no whither, so he knew his whence—
Asked only, but asked hard, Is it a fact ?
That point well sure, deemed then he nothing lacked ;
Truth was from God, she could not lead astray ;
Fearlessly glad he walked in Truth's highway.

Who joined him there, had fellow stout to cheer ;
Who crossed, met foe behooved his weal to fear ;
His quick, keen, urgent, sinewy, certain thrust
Those knights well knew who felt it in the joust.

Ideal-Christian teacher, master, man,
Severely sweet, a gracious Puritan,
Beyond my praise to-day, beyond their blame,
He spurs me yet with his remembered name !

LIFE OF HIS LIFE.

No barren mere mechanic art
The teacher's, his no casual touch
Of mind to mind, that may impart
A sum of knowledge, such or such.

Far other worth, and other cost,
His high vicarious task implies ;
He must himself be sunk and lost
To make his fellow strong and wise.

Dissolved, diffused, and ambient,
Like an involving atmosphere,
An influence and an element
To work a work and not appear,

The teacher born from God to teach,
About his pupils, hid from sight,
Broods, and invests them, moulding each
With plastic pressure day and night.

A living and life-giving force,
Oft present most when most unguessed,
A hidden or unheeded source
Supplied to many a distant breast,

Through cunning conduits flowing power,
Fresh power to think, to will, to do,
And meet the challenge of the hour,
Whatever that may summon to—

But signs still fail and leave untold
What the true teacher is to us,
The transformation manifold
He undergoes, becoming thus

A spur forever in the side,
A mettle mingled with the blood,
And in the ear, to cheer or chide,
A haunting voice well understood ;

A pang of passionate desire
To end the path and gain the goal,
A seed of quick and quenchless fire,
A touch of torment to the soul—

Torment she loves, and would not miss,
The anguish of impossible aims,
Ennobling thirst for nobler bliss
That burns her with immortal flames.

Such forms of force the teacher is,
The teacher by all instinct such;
A god-like, awful office his,
The gift of the vivific touch.

Life of his life he takes to give,
As a creator gives, to men ;
But first they too themselves must live,
And answer life with life again.

Then, as two sparks to mate endowed,
Each to the other in flash of flame
Leap and embrace from cloud to cloud,
Instantly true to kindred claim,

So the true pupil springs to take
What springs to give the teacher true ;
Electric circuit met they make,
And the soul's lightning flashes through.

A REGRET.

I WOULD I were alumnus here to-day !
I would these pleasant haunts of task or play
Were eloquent to me of vanished youth,
And youth's high heart and gallant quest of truth !
I would the gentle genius of the place
Might yield for once a friendly guest the grace
To greet him son, bid him here cease to roam
And rest him here, again a child at home !
How would I grasp the old familiar hands,
How join with joy the old congenial bands
Of choicer souls, the noble brotherhood
Who made each other's gain their common good

At every turn a quicker beat of heart
To some new touch of auld lang syne should start ;
No spot of earth, no space of summer sky
That should not look the look of days gone by.
The walks where we at eve together strayed,
The cheerful meadow, melancholy shade,

The slope of hill, the solemn river-marge,
The sweep of valley landscape fair and large—
All these bright aspects should bring back the time
When life with Nature beat to perfect rhyme.
The dear old buildings, bare to alien eyes,
Should throng their ancient fronts with memories ;
Casement, and coigne, each doorway's square recess,
Cornice, and cope, and cupola no less,
Like some gray Gothic pile's, should seem to swarm
With storied emblem quaint, and carven form.

Fair genius of the spot, pray whisper low
A hint to me of what I long to know ;
Unbind your breast to me, and part your store
Of all this place's legendary lore ;
The blind tradition you so blithely read
Is traced in lines that mock my utmost heed.

Alas ! but nay, my conjuration fails ;
I win from him not one of all his tales ;
Fast locked he keeps his legendary lore,
Still mute to me, however I implore.
Alone I walk amid a viewless throng,
Unhearing hearken to a silent song.

THE OPEN GUILD OF LETTERS.**THE OLD MEMBERS TO THE NEW.**

We greet you of us with heart-felt applause,
We hail you brothers in a common cause.
One is the spirit, yours, who give your gain,
And ours, who give unhoarded heart and brain,
To endow the great young future at our door
With mind more skill, with knowledge ampler store.
We work together in that goodly guild
And ancient fellowship of letters, filled
With the fine ardor that Erasmus knew,
The breath of great desire that Milton drew.

Joyful build ye your monuments, to stand
Long as the date lasts of your native land.
There is no more immortal mortal thought
Than inspiration to this fashion wrought.
Oxford and Cambridge, through their long young
eld,
The placid levels of calm peace have held,

While round them dynasties have gone to doom,
Or commonwealth exchanged with kingdom room.
The Sorbonne, in its ancient neighborhood,
Safe in the common awe, untouched has stood,
Full in the central vortex of the wild
Whirlwind of revolution, and has smiled,
Seeing the pillared fabric of the state,
Spurned from the deep foundations where it sate,
Spin like a bauble in the eddying air,
Vanish to wrack amid the tempest there,—
And steadfast as a star the light has shone
That blazons still the name of De Sorbonne.

Who founds a school of learning gifts his
name

With most sure perpetuity of fame ;
When will the faithful fond tradition fail
That links its founder with the fame of Yale ?
How else could he who gave his name to Brown
Have gained the lease he holds of long renown ?
Harvard and Phillips—blithe their memory springs
And shames the oblivion of coeval kings ;
And fresh his leaf on Vassar's brow shall bide,
Securely charmed from withering, when the pride

Of many a statesman's, many a soldier's bay,
Green on their foreheads now, has passed away.

Though spoken not, men yet might guess the
name—

No name but one would match the mighty fame—
A patriot statesman's, whose career of power
Still makes his alma mater's richest dower.
Could one but limn him, featured like the god
That erst Olympus wielded with his nod,
But bid once more the thunders of that voice
Make traitors tremble, patriot hearts rejoice,
'That form august, that kingly, awful mien
Could one but conjure back upon the scene,
Show us again the grave, majestic gait,
Steadfast and slow, in which he bore the State,
In which the growing State Christopherus bore,
With faithful, patient strength, from shore to shore,
Across the heady current of an age
That stormed and fumed, with ineffectual rage,
Eager to overturn, to overwhelm
The trembling balanced hopes of freedom's realm,—
No tongue would falter from the full acclaim,
Webster!—one voice, and one centennial name.

He nursed his giant boyhood at the breast
Of mountains in our Alpland of the West,
Fit nurture seemed it, when he came to tower
A mountain among men, a peak of power,
That took the scar of thunder, scath of storm,
Brand of live lightning, with his lordly form,
But stood despite, nay, brother to the cloud,
Himself seemed master of the tempest loud,
Hurling his bolts, and flashing far the blade
Of vivid vengeance that his genius swayed.
Yet oftenest fixed in mountainous repose—
As when Mont Blanc uplifts his scalp of snows
In the white sunshine and the blinding sky,
Seems still to frown, but puts his thunder by—
He loved at peace to dwell among his kind,
Whom well that bodeful brow to peace inclined.

Though false unkind refractions warp the
ray
By which they read his character to-day,
Yet was this man our greatest, since the sun
Missed to survey the mould of Washington.
But had no rural Dartmouth hard beside
His father's stubborn acres, opened wide

A door of opportunity and scope
Before the brave old man's pathetic hope
To raise his children's future chance somewhat
Above the level of his lowly lot,—
Perhaps instead of him they laid to sleep
At Marshfield on the margin of the deep,
The ocean nature by the ocean wave
That kneels in ceaseless homage at his grave,
The Atlantean shoulder bowed to bear
The great weight of his country's cause and care,
A mute, inglorious Webster now might lie,
Dead and forgot beneath his natal sky.
Aye, his best title to his noble name,
The safest lodged from heirs to bring it shame,
Lord Dartmouth in that namesake college won
Which found in Webster fostering foster-son.

So speed of God we give you, noble band,
The good deeds prosper which your hearts have
planned !
Like the divining-rod they feigned of old
Instinct with sense for feeling hidden gold,
The seats of learning which you thus shall found
Will range and search through all the region round,

With a tentacular fine tact, to find
Treasures more fair of else unwakened mind,—
The quest still thriving after you have gone,
Till that pure day of perfect knowledge dawn.

COURAGE.

AN EPIGRAM.

SOLDIERS twain stood facing danger,
Side by side, alone and still ;
Bold was one, to fear a stranger,
Light of thought as stout of will.

But the other, grave and serious,
Deeply pondered where he stood,
Felt the spell of the mysterious
Overshadowing neighborhood

Of the mortal menace hidden
In that moment's sudden chance ;
Till the throng of thoughts unbidden
Trampled white his countenance.

Then his comrade marked his pallor
And a rallying charge he made,
Out of his light-hearted valor
Lightly spoken, " You're afraid ! "

“True, my friend,” with blanched lips said he ;

“I have fear as you have none ;

But I stand here, staunch and steady,—

You, with half my fear, would run !”

SUGGESTION

OF A STANZA TO STAND AS THE CONCLUDING ONE TO
BRYANT'S "JUNE."

* * * * *

Then gently o'er their hearts at last
A soothing change should steal—
The darkness of the pensive past
A sense like dawn should feel ;
The tearful memory of their friend
In tranquil tearful hope should end,
The scene a scene reveal,
Where breeze and song and light and bloom
Have found a land without a tomb.

EXPERIMENTS IN LITERAL TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

I.

THE anger, goddess, sing, of Peleus' son,
Achilles,—anger dire, that on the Greeks
Brought myriad woes, and many mighty souls
Too soon of heroes unto Hades sent,
And gave themselves a ravin to the dogs
And to all birds of prey—howbeit the will
Of Zeus fulfilled itself—even from the time
That first they two, Atrides, king of men,
And high Achilles, wrangling fell apart.

ILIAD, I. 1-7.

2.

Zeus spake, and with his dark brows gave the
nod :
The ambrosial locks therewith streamed from the
king's

Immortal head ; Olympus great it shook.
These two, thus having counselled, parted ; she
Leapt thereupon into the deep sea-brine
From bright Olympus—to his dwelling Zeus.
The gods together all rose from their seats
Before their sire, nor any durst abide
Him coming, but they all to meet him stood.
So he there sat him down upon his throne ;
Nor seeing him was Here not aware
That with him had deliberated plans
The daughter of the Ancient of the sea,
Thetis of silver foot. With cutting words,
Straightway the son of Kronos, Zeus, she hailed.

ILIAD, I. 528-539.

3.

He spake ; the goddess, white-armed Here,
smiled ;
And smiling she accepted with her hand
The goblet from her son. But he from right
To left to all the other gods poured out
Sweet nectar, drawing from the mixing-bowl :
And inextinguishable laughter then was roused

Among the blessed gods, when they beheld
Hephæstus brisking through the palace halls.

So all day long unto the setting sun
They feasted then, nor of an equal feast
Failed the desire in aught, not of the harp
Exceeding beautiful which Phœbus held,
Or of the Muses who with beautiful voice
Alternate sang responsive each to each.
But when the sun's resplendent light was set,
Desiring to lie down they homeward went,
Each where for each the far-renowned lame
Hephæstus built a house with cunning skill.
The Olympian Flasher of the Lightning, Zeus,
Went to his couch where erst he wont to lie
When sweet sleep came on him ; ascending there
He slept, and Here, golden-throned, beside.

ILIAD, I. 595-611.

4.

The rest sat down, and in the seats were quelled.
Thersites only still kept clamoring on,
Licentious-tongued ; who many a shameless phrase

Knew in his mind, hap-hazard, lawlessly
To brawl with kings—whate'er might seem to
him

To be droll for the Greeks. The ugliest man
That came to Ilium ; bandy-legged he was,
Lame in one foot ; and his bent shoulders twain
Hugged o'er his chest together, while above
Peaked of head was he, and thereupon
A thin-worn plush of flossy hair adhered.

ILIAD, II. 211-219.

5.

As when upon a many-echoing shore,
Billow fast following billow of the sea
Is roused beneath the thronging western wind,
Upon the deep at first it towers its height,
And next, shattered against the continent, booms
Mightily, and round the crags its curling crest
Uprears, and spouts its spray of brine afar,
So ranks fast following ranks of Danaans then
Ceaselessly on and on thronged to the war.

ILIAD, IV. 422-428.

6.

So having said, resplendent Hector reached
To take his child. But backward he, the child,
Toward the fair-girdled nurse's bosom drew,
Crying, abashed at the dear father's looks,
And frightened by his mail ; he saw the crest
Of horse-hair from the summit of the helm
Terribly waving, eyeing it ; outright
Both the dear father and queen-mother laughed.
Straight from his head resplendent Hector took
The helm, and placed it glittering on the ground.
When he besides had kissed his darling son
And tossed him in his hands, alike to Zeus
And to the other gods praying, he spoke :

* * * * *

So having said, he gave into the hands
Of the dear wife his boy ; she tearfully
Smiling, to her sweet bosom took him then.
Regarding her the husband pitied her ;
Both with his hand he soothed her, and he spoke.

ILIAD, VI. 466-475, 482-485.

A SABBATH AT SEA.

THE Voice that walked o'er Galilee
Hath spoken from on high ;
The sky keeps sabbath with the sea,
The air with sea and sky.

Thine, Lord, is this sabbatic sky,
Thine this sabbatic sea,
This broad sabbatic air bears by
Burdens of rest from Thee.

To this deep sabbath flowing round
And o'er and under me,
My soul within her mystic bound
Answers, as sea to sea.

Voice, flown from Galilee to heaven!
That, dropping chrismal speech,
Canst all day long and all the seven
Sabbatic gospels preach,—

Thanks yet for this pacific hour
Of Sabbath on the sea—
To feel the breathing rest of power
Is strength and rest to me.

THE CLEAR PEARL.

EACH heart is shrouded many-fold from all
Save her own introspections, and the pure
All-seeing. Nothing intercepts that sight,
Watching the innermost deeps ; but clouds of sin,
The false reflexes of her self-deceit,
The uncertain shapes of passions, and the arts
Of Satan have some power to warp and sway
The heart's self-judgments ; yet, the wish being
strong,
The interior eye can pierce these shroudings, search
The heart of the heart, and know the last intent.

Oh, happy they who, searching so, discern,
In the still depths of spirit, the clear pearl
Of a true thought to do the will of God !

GRACE, NOT NATURE.

Not native gentleness of heart,
Untaught submissiveness of will,
The softly tones, the manner still,
The yielding grace, the placid part ;

Not perfect trace of lineament,
Not rose on cheek, not light in eye,
Or finished form, or bearing high,
Or smiles or tears to others lent,

Most profit ; but a tempest quelled,
The rebel passions reason-swayed,
A turbid spirit crystal made,
And all self-centred, self-upheld.

A human will divorced from sin !
Not over-prone to do the wrong,
But merged in His to whom belong
The worlds without, the soul within.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

THERE is no profit in the earth—the gems which
seem

Deceive us, with a mocking, borrowed beam.
We are somnambulists ; this mortal state
Is a sleep-walking only—we await
The voice of God to rouse us ;—like a fool,
Who sees the mirrored sky within a pool,
And claps his hands, deeming the splendid scene
Indeed beneath the wave, indeed terrene,
Nor lifts one upward glance to where true heaven
Is bright with sunny noon or starry even—
Like him, we dive in a deceiving sea
And grasp at pearls with idiotic glee,
Which are but imitations of the true,
Deluded with a fashion and a hue !

CHRIST IN ME.

WOULD I could make my fellows know
All that in me my Lord hath wrought !
I strive in vain the truth to show,
I cannot speak it as I ought.

If, when men smite me, I am meek,
If, when they wrong me, I forgive,
And, wroth, refuse my wrath to wreak,—
That, friends, is Christ doth in me live.

If with the joyful I am glad,
Or, apt in fellowship of cheer,
I with the sorrowful am sad,
Christ's, and not mine, that smile or tear.

Nothing am I that is not he,
Nothing of gracious, fair, or good ;
Would I could make my fellows see
The lovely secret as they should !

GRACE FOR GRACE.

A FAIR composure in the face,
A musing mildness in the eye,
Tones tuned to tenderness and grace,
A smile like morning in the sky ;

A floating motion, soft and slow,
And rhythmic, like more perfect rest,
Swayed as to some melodious flow
Of silent music in the breast—

Traits such as these, my darling, may,
With mask of placid manner, hide
Passions that, couchant beasts of prey,
Do but their chance of springing bide.

Well for us there is One can make
These tigers of the bosom tame ;
The sleek, sly, savage monsters take
Their will of every lesser name.

But his, but Christ's, has power to quell
The lurking wildness in the blood,
To quench the hidden fires of hell
That inly brew the future flood.

Bestead us, Christ ! We fain would learn
The lesson none can teach but thee ;
Us from our self-deceiving turn ;
We tire of seeming and would be—

Be gracious to the inmost core,
In to the depths serene and sweet,
Stilled to beneath where waves could roar,
Or the world's tempests vainly beat !

So mastered, we shall meetly wear
The soul's own beauty on the face,
And what men find in us of fair,
No mask, will be but grace for grace.

AN IDEAL AND A WISH.

MILD as a slowly northward-breathing air,
Artless as very nature, and a heart,
To kindly eyes, as clear, and free, and fair,
In to the depths, as that Caribbean part
Lucid and deep of the Atlantic sea ;
Doing the stern, hard duties with no stern
And hard but a most meek humility,
Crowning their barren with such deeds as earn
Leaf of fair guerdon freshening into green—
All those dear gentle charities of life,
Unmarked it may be, which have always been
Dowried with largest gift to grace the wife,
Invest the mother with celestial seeming,
And change the daughter to a ministering saint—
Follower of Jesus, all things dross esteeming,
Of costliest purchase, for the dear constraint
Wherewith his love doth draw the loved one nearer,
Living on earth the heavenly life he brought ;
Even such be thou, and of such name the hearer,
Receiving last the wreath for lowly conquerors
wrought !

GOOD CHEER.

THE little maid spoke arch and bright ;
There's one, quoth she, of Christ's commands
To me indeed a burden light—
“ Be of good cheer,” the statute stands.

She smiled into her father's face ;
I kissed her for her bonny smile ;
I tried to give her grace for grace
Of gladness, but I sighed the while—

Sighed, for I thought, What can she know,
Dear little heart, of things to be ?
Who gladdens but as blossoms blow,
Or warble birds, unconsciously.

“ Be of good cheer ” is not for her ;
Is of good cheer—describes her state :
How could she, if she would, demur,
Who never was disconsolate ?

God bless thee, bless thee, darling child !
The years will teach thee fast enough
How gentle weathers change to wild,
And soft, smooth ways to hard and rough !

Joyful thou, not obedient, art ;
The bidding finds thee forth on wing,
Obeying but thine own free heart,
And that blithe blood of life's young spring

Bright-hearted welcomer of fate,
Not always wilt thou thus prevail ;
Also to thee, or soon or late,
Those vital springs of joy will fail.

Then of good cheer to be, when all
Within, without, is dark of cheer,
Yet the same voice, the still, the small,
In the same whisper at thine ear,

“ Be of good cheer,” saith, calm and mild,
But calm and strong to be obeyed—
That Christ may crown thee thus, my child,
I have this silent moment prayed.

TIDES.

As when the sea swells, lifted by the moon,
And pours, in one wide cataract, to the shore,
Then the precipitant waters, at each door
Of inlet to the mainland, importune
To be admitted, and, admitted, soon
Brim creek and bay with ocean running o'er,
Till their desirous banks can bound no more,
And sit content but to contain the boon ;
Yet haply, here or there, some sluiceway sealed
Might interpose inhospitable bar
To the sea's suit, however he appealed
With his tide's stress and influence of the star,
And gates of want where suppliant wealth had
kneeled
Bide unenriched by bounty brought 'so far :

So tides sometimes of influence from the sea
Of the Immortal Life that, pressing round,
Invests the mortal lives of men, redound
In the main's mighty multitudinous plea

And gentle surge of importunity,
 Against the barriers that our being bound,
 To seek if there some ready sluice be found,
And soul not loth full-brimmed with God to be ;
 Then, lifted high the gladsome gates of will,
And wide withdrawn the self-withdrawing doors,
 The ocean of the fulness of the still
Spirit of God into the spirit pours ;
 Yet souls that list keep fast their gates, until
The sea recedes and leaves them empty shores !

MY OPEN POLAR SEA.

As those who sail in quest of quiet seas,
Supposed to sleep about the sleeping pole,
Eternal halcyon waves, the term and goal
Of hazard, and of hope, and hope's unease,
Deep bays, bright islands, happy haunts—as these,
Whatever chances breasting, armed in soul
To do or suffer, so to know the whole,
Stem toward the Arctic up the steep degrees,
Nor daunted, though a frozen continent
Thwart them with sheer obstruction, coast along,
And seek and find somewhere the straitening rent
That yields them grudging entrance, right or wrong;
And still they strive, on their high aim intent,
And strive the more, the more the perils throng :

So sails my soul for that pacific sea,
The pole and vertex of her different sphere,
Where equatorial sway and swift career
Are charmed and changed to fast tranquillity :

Beyond where storms can beat she there shall be,
Safe locked in blissful calms through all her year ;
Unquiet hope no more, unquiet fear,
Can vex her perfect peace and fair degree :
But she must tend her sail, and smite her oar,
And take meanwhile the buffet of the tide ;
Nor, when she hears the rending icebergs roar
Upon her, tremble, but, abashed, abide
To enter that strait gate and dreadful door—
This portal passed, lo, havens free and wide !

WHOSOEVER.

LIKE a quick sunbeam, parted from the sun,
And lightly speeding on his way through space,
That plies, nor tires, but plies the forward chase,
As counting yet his journey just begun,
How many goals soever, touched and won,
And kindling from the kisses of his face,
Along the gleaming rearward of the race,
Entice him to esteem his errand done ;
Lighting on whatsoever thing he meet,
Abiding wheresoever he alight—
Guest to abide, but courier on to fleet,
So ceasing never from still-ceasing flight—
Yet swerves he not, though heart of grace, to
greet
What errs from his strict path, to left or right :

Such the swift Angel of His Presence sent,
Winged with a whosoever, from the throne,
Who flies in flame and flies to every zone

From pole to pole beneath the firmament,
Charged the glad tidings of their Lord's intent
Toward his elect obedient to make known ;
Cinctured with speed, he flies as he has flown,
Forever, on his heavenly errand bent ;
Lighting to bless whatever heart he meet,
Abiding there wherever he alight—
Guest to abide, but herald forth to fleet,
So ceasing still from still-unceasing flight—
Yet turns that angel aspect not to greet
Save whosoever WILL, to left or right.

LOVE AND WILL.

I.

I READ her wrong at first, and called her vain ;
I saw no simple nature in her ways ;
All fresh first thoughts seemed tangled in a maze
Of conscious tricks, and smiles conceived in pain.

She was a gentle woman, pure and fair ;
Her mind was radiant, like a mansion lit
To let the gleam of art illumine it—
Such sculptured thoughts, such pictured dreams
were there !

Her girlish heart, too, was a miracle
For such a tender sparkle of kind dews
As it could send, to soften and suffuse
The clear gray light of eyes made beautiful.

But something froward in me slandered her,
That affectation spoiled what else were sweet ;
So naught of all she did or said could meet
My evil mind, that ever made demur.

II.

I used, when days were dark and life was pain,
To lapse for comfort into thoughts of Christ ;
'Twas sweet to cease, and sink imparadised
In love that always changed my loss to gain.

That morn I walked beneath a gladsome sun,
In the fresh fields, amid the vital air ;
Importunate joy around me everywhere
Stormed at my heart if entrance might be won ;

In vain. My dull, cold heart refused to sing ;
She would not, could not, join the jocund tune
Of the blithe weather and the wealthy June—
“Peace first,” she cried, “some joy from peace
might spring.”

But ever a divine enchantment strong
 Held me suspense from sinking into rest :
 "O Christ," I said, "I seek thy cradling breast,
 Child that I am, too tired to wait so long!"

"Not tired enough," such sense I seemed to draw,
 "Strong still to hold thy heart from loving,
 Nay,
 Not to be tired is childlike, but to obey ;
 Love is delight, but love is also law."

"Amen, O Lord," out broke the quick reply ;
 "Yea, and henceforth law too shall be delight.
 Behold ! I meet thy will, in will's despite,
 And, bidden, love—the bidding reason why."

III.

As when sometimes the baffled hearkening sense
 Is conscious of a kind of filmy slide,
 That parts it from the world of sound outside,
 And blurs each audible image issuing thence,

And idle rumors fill the brain self-bred,
Noisily null pretences of right sound,
That ring, and roar, and rumble, and redound,
But bring no message to the half-crazed head ;

Suddenly then that membranous wall will break,
That deafening din of void confusion cease,
And to the grateful ear again at peace
The silent world of outward sound awake :

So fared it with my heart, when I obeyed ;
That seizure of enchantment gave me free ;
At once I was where I desired to be,
In balmy rest upon His bosom laid.

Out of that peace upleapt a sudden song,
Artesian inlet from the general mirth
Of the glad sun and the sun-gladdened earth—
Upleapt, aspired, exulted, and was strong.

IV.

Love had been law, out love became delight,
And love become delight gave other eyes
Wherewith to read the loved one otherwise,
Redeemed to wholly fair when read aright.

Lovely she was, and lovelier ever grew
To the purged eyes of love that saw the truth,
Till thither she, and yet in lovely youth,
Where all is love and love is all, withdrew.

Love for delight is insecure delight,
But love for law becomes delight indeed ;
Such love's delight is an immortal meed,
It laughs at loss, or change, or death's despite.

I love her changed to silent, and rejoice ;
' For what she was, I love her, here of yore ;
For what she is, and there forevermore
Shall be, I love her, hearkening for her voice !

AT THE SUPPER.

I SAT at supper with the guests of Christ
One summer Sabbath's tranced afternoon,
When not a breath perturbed the perfect tune,
Though but a breath to break it had sufficed.

We charmed within this sphere of worldly calm,
A calm not worldly charmed us in its sphere ;
We sat in silence, but we seemed to hear
Pulses of other silence, like a psalm.

The sense was of a voice that whispered, Peace !
And hands outstretched that benediction poured ;
Love grew sweet pain, and so around the board
A hymn arose that gave our love release.

Then, grave and sweet, some rhythmic scriptures read,
Echoing clear from holy long ago,
Told us of trust in Him as rest from woe—
Woe of the laden heart and laboring head,

And, like an exhalation, prayer aspired ;
Born of the earth, but born to brooding skies,
A weight of want with leavening wish to rise,
And buoyed by faith that was what it desired.

My heart was broken with the broken bread ;
I saw the broken body of the Lord ;
Broken therewith was every wish that warred
In me against his wish that for me bled.

I bowed me praying, and so praying felt
The presence of a brother unforgiven ;
I did not hate nor scorn, but I had driven
Him heart from heart with grace ungracious dealt.

I leaned and wept, and loved and longed and wept ;
And when the wine was poured that meant His
blood,
My heart was wholly melted in the flood
Of one strong mastership that o'er me swept.

I thought how lavish His forgiveness was,
How He had poured His pardon without stint
In rivers of blood upon a heart of flint,
And used no measure, made no careful pause.

Bitterly sweet the rapture of my pain,
But I went out wholesomely comforted ;
I told my brother all the Lord had said,
And we forgave each other with tears again.

ENTICED.

I.

WITH what clear guile of gracious love enticed,
I follow forward, as from room to room,
Through doors that open into light from gloom,
To find, and lose, and find again the Christ !

He stands and knocks, and bids me ope the door ;
Without he stands, and asks to enter in :
Why should he seek a shelter sad with sin ?
Will he but knock and ask, and nothing more ?

He knows what ways I take to shut my heart,
And if he will he can himself undo
My foolish fastenings, or by force break through,
Nor wait till I fulfil my needless part.

But nay, he will not choose to enter so,—
He will not be my guest till I consent,
Nor, though I say, Come in, is he content ;
I must arise and ope, or he will go.

He shall not go ; I do arise and ope,—

“Come in, dear Lord, come in and sup with me,
O, blessed guest, and let me sup with thee,”—
Where is the door ? for in this dark I grope,

And cannot find it soon enough ; my hand,
Shut hard, holds fast the one sure key I need,
And trembles, shaken with its eager heed ;
No other key will answer my demand.

The door between is some command undone ;
Obedience is the key that slides the bar,
And lets him in, who stands so near, so far ;
The doors are many, but the key is one.

Which door, dear Lord ? knock, speak, that I may
know ;
Hark, heart, he answers with his hand and voice,—
O, still small sign, I tremble and rejoice,
Nor longer doubt which way my feet must go.

Full lief and soon this door would open too,
If once my key might find the narrow slit
Which, being so narrow, is so hard to hit,—
But lo ! one little ray that glimmers through,

Not spreading light, but lighting to the light,—
Now steady, hand, for good speed's sake be slow,
One straight right aim, a pulse of pressure, so,—
How small, how great, the change from dark to
bright!

II.

Now he is here I seem no longer here !
This place of light is not my chamber dim,
It is not he with me, but I with him,
And host, not guest, he breaks the bread of cheer.

I was borne onward at his greeting,—he
Earthward had come, but heavenward I had gone ;
Drawing him hither, I was thither drawn,
Scarce welcoming him to hear him welcome me !

I lie upon the bosom of my Lord,
And feel his heart, and time my heart thereby ;
The tune so sweet, I have no need to try,
But rest and trust and beat the perfect chord.

A little while I lie upon his heart,
Feasting on love, and loving there to feast,
And then once more the shadows are increased
Around me, and I feel my Lord depart.

Again alone, but in a farther place
I sit with darkness, waiting for a sign ;
Again I hear the same sweet plea divine,
And suit, outside, of hospitable grace.

This is his guile,—he makes me act the host
To shelter him, and lo ! he shelters me ;
Asking for alms, he summons me to be
A guest at banquets of the Holy Ghost.

So, on and on, through many an opening door
That gladly opens to the key I bring,
From brightening court to court of Christ my
King,
Hope-led, love-fed, I journey evermore.

At last I trust these changing scenes will cease ;
There is a court, I hear, where he abides ;
No door beyond, that further glory hides,—
My host at home, all change is changed to peace.

DEDICATION HYMN.

WHAT we have builded, Lord, be thine ;
Thy gift we give again to thee ;
Hither now cause thy face to shine,
Accepted let our offering be.

Have we not builded for thy name ?
Here thy great name in grace record ;
Visit the place in hallowing flame,
And fill it with thy Spirit, Lord !

Souls in that fulness plunged and lost,
That awful baptism from above,
Reap a perpetual Pentecost
Of power and wisdom, joy and love.

Thus, Lord, baptized from thee to learn,
Or thus from thee baptized to teach,
Here with one passion may we burn,
Christ and his Cross to live and preach !

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

O THOU, with whom a thousand years
And a swift day are one,
Behold, our human hopes and fears
A little round have run.

Hopes for thy cause, ennobling hopes !
How foolish all the fears !
Shamed were a faith that droops and gropes,
Since such accomplished years.

Our hearts are large with thankfulness ;
We glory in the Lord ;
His Spirit doth our spirits press
As we his grace record.

Short rest in camp, then forth for fight !
Welcome the long campaign !
Girded with meekness and with might,
Spread we Immanuel's reign.

Like the blue bending firmament,
That kingdom yet must span,
From shore to shore, a continent
Redeemed to God for man !

NATIONAL HYMN.

A NATION to the God of nations now

Peal high the pæan of your thankful praise !

All voices, Holy, holy, holy Thou,

Hosanna, Lord of hosts ! the triumph raise.

O God amen ! We thank thee for the grace,

The glory of the grace that on this land

Has beamed in sunshine from thy smiling face,

And streamed in bounty from thine open hand.

And, Lord, we thank thee for the Sinai cloud

That threatened long the long-suspended stroke ;

How with hearts humbled, and with faces bowed,

We wept and worshipped when that thunder
broke !

At thy rebuke, O God, the tempest fled ;

At thy behest thy bow appeared on high ;

We saw, and walked with hope-elapsed tread,

Held by thy hand and guided by thine eye.

We face our future, glorying in the Lord ;
We welcome all thou shalt for us provide ;
With God for our exceeding great reward,
Rich we shall be whatever fail beside !



WEBSTER

AN ODE

O nostrum et decus et columen!

1782-1852

IN GRATEFUL
AND AFFECTIONATE TOKEN OF FELLOWSHIP
FOUND IN SYMPATHY OF
ADMIRATION AND REVERENCE FOR WEBSTER
TO
MY FRIEND
HALBERT STEVENS GREENLEAF

WEBSTER : AN ODE.

I.

YE see him truly, now :
Their hour and power is past
Who fain had shamed that brow :
It wears its crown at last.

Hail him, his countrymen !
First of your foremost few,
Given back to you again
Yet greater than ye knew.

Greater—for, good and great ;
Not false, as they forswore !

He, who to save the State
The State to please forbore.

Well may the State he saved—
Saved at such cost of blame,
While still her mood he braved—
Accord him, late, his fame !

II.

So sang the poet, rendered bold and wise
By the fine joy he found in being just ;
Wise to foreknow what should be, therefore must,
Bold to foredate it with creating eyes.

But the State hearkening, jealous for her name,
Heard that sharp challenge of her thanks and
praise :

What did he to deserve such meed ? she says :
Speak out, lone voice, and here rehearse his claim.

O State, he said, for, lo, thou knowest it all,
Might I be silent, and wouldst praise him thou !
The public hand should wreath this public
brow,

And the great dead awaits his Country's call.

Rash individual voice, speak what thou will,
To hear is mine, the sovereign State replies :
Me it behooves to wait and to be wise,
With equal ear weighing the good, the ill.

O just and reverend State—the poet spake—
Much musing lest ill heard so loud and long
Have needs ere now full nigh forestalled the song,
I sing—for his, and thine, and mine own sake.

III.

At that not ancient date
Before thou grewest great,
He knew thee, and he loved thee well, O State!
For, hearing oft thine early tale rehearsed,
The boy was from the first
In patriot wisdom versed.

Him his heroic sire
At evening by his fire
Taught the pure passion of his own desire—
Desire for thee that thou shouldst prosper long
And be too wise and strong
To do or suffer wrong.

Wide hopes he learned for thee,
His country, soon to be
Wide as his hopes outspread from sea to sea :

Yet were his hopes as wise as they were wide,
For conscience was as guide
And prophet to his pride.

Thence thee, O State, yet young,
He with prophetic tongue
Chid to sit still when sore with passion stung :
His age ripe earlier than thy longer youth,
With more experienced ruth,
Knew to advise thee truth.

True things for pleasant, he,
With Roman firmness free
From too much pity or awe, proposed to thee :
Such virtue of clear counsel, in the blood
Streams, an ennobling flood,
From father wise and good.

IV.

Bred in his father's simple school severe,
Where sober godly fear
And filial awe were dear,

He learned that saving sense
Of bond to duty, whence
Flow to us still these streams of good immense.

For not alone his fealty to the State
Rescued us in those great
Hinges of fear and fate,
When, under skies of gloom,
He, hearkening, knew the boom
That burst at last in thunder-peals of doom :

His forty years of great example, too,
Staunchly, in all men's view,
To its own promise true,
A fashion slowly wrought
In us, unheeding taught,
Kindred with him in our habitual thought.

The man was more than the great words he spoke :
This weighted every stroke
Of speech that from him broke—
That grave Websterian speech !
What sovereign touch and reach
Empowered it from the man, to tone and teach !

So, mother State, our schooling once begun
Under thy WASHINGTON
Advanced with this thy son :
His equal mood sedate,
Self-governing, wise to wait,
Reverent toward God, he shared to thee, O State !

v.

He gladdened in the gladsome light
Of jurisprudence, and that light he made
More gladsome for thy children—such the might
Wherewith the right,
In wrong's despite,
This conquering knight
Bore off in rescue from the field of fight,
Those bloodless jousts of law that drew his dreaded
blade.

His Dartmouth—thine, O State, and his—he
found
With ills beleaguered round,

Helpless, of crafty foes the purposed prey.

The lists were set

One famous final day,

And lances met

In tourney, and fair Dartmouth trembling lay,

With scarce a breath,

Dreading her doom, a trouble worse than death.

But lo, a lance

She sees advance,

Sees a fresh lance ride up and plunge into the fray.

To right and left the field gives way,

Nor bides that shock to meet.

He charges to the judges' seat ;

Onset of argument,

Volley of precedent,

Tempest of eloquent

Logic and learning blent,

Deluging blows on blows,

He overthrows his foes.

Her foes are overthrown,

Dartmouth will have her own.

Cheer thee, O cherishing mother, in thy son,

His task for thee is done,

Thy battle fought and won.

Beholders, you may go
That have seen this overthrow :
Why do they linger so ?
A sight that well might draw
The wonder of the field,
The victor knight they saw,
That steel-clad knight, unclasp his dint-proof shield,
Then—all his mighty heart uncovered there,
His tender mighty heart to view laid bare,
The filial in him to its depths astir—
Go with his heart, as that a buckler were,
Grieved that he could not bring a costlier,
And standing by his mother cover her !
Such passion of great pity strikes an awe
Even into breasts that sit to judge the law.
From the august enthronement where he sate
By MARSHALL'S side, that pillar of the State,
STORY looks down with bland surprise,
The friend's proud gladness beaming in his
eyes :
He drops the habitual pen,
Nor takes it up again ;
Each weighty word,
Before, he duly heard,

But now transfixed he sees the speaker speak,
While Spartan tears roll, one by one, down MAR-
SHALL'S check.

Thus then it there befell
That justice prospered well,
And Dartmouth held her right
By the valor of this knight,
And this knight, O State, was he
Whom, with unequal praise, I praise to thee.

VI.

Implicit in her cause, O State, the cause
Of many another of thy schools was won,
And large the sequel was
Beyond the sanguine guess of thy sagacious son.
A thousand seats of learning freed
Leapt at that pregnant stroke :
Broken, they said, the intolerable yoke
Meant to subdue us servile to the greed
Of scramblers in the legislative hall—
Each of us there a partisan foot-ball
For rogues to kick and scuffle for at need—

That fatal forming yoke

Smiting he broke,

Once as with flail of oak

Smiting, forever broke.

Henceforth, they sang, O State, thy sacred trusts

Of bountiful bestowment shall retain

Their plighted dedication, to remain,

Inviolable all,

Secure alike from the rapacious lusts

And from the whimsies raw

Of demagogues and tamperers with the law,

Mad with desire of gain

And unchastised of awe.

So sang the choir of colleges aloud

That their rejoicing rang,

And they moreover sang :

Now every use and beauty be endowed

With wealth to make them through long futures
live.

No more misgivings stint your giving ! Give,

Ye sons and daughters of a noble State :

Pledged are your gifts from fate.

Nor long do answers wait :

In golden streams with emulous haste outpoured,
 On every hand
 Throughout the land,
From broken coffers flows the escaping hoard.
 Science lifts up her voice
 In gladness, and rejoice
Letters and art, and want and woe the while
 Sweet pity and love beguile
To dry their tears, be comforted and smile.
 A better alchemy transmuted gold
 Backward to blessings manifold ;
And these, O State, thy gains through him, are
 they
Greatly, whereby thou standest and art strong
 And beautiful, O State, this day,
 And yet to ages long,
 We trust, we pray,
A theme of love and thanks, of eloquence and song.

VII.

Thy commerce, too, that bond to bind thee one,
 He served at point of need
 When a pernicious seed

Planted and fostered in it, had begun,
Struggling toward air and sun,
To promise fruit of brother feud and strife
And menace to thy life.
O State, bethink thee well,
How, woven in words of law
And specious to inspire obedient awe,
A charm of false enchantment fell
Once on that river wide of thy domain,
A sinister spell,
And broadcast sown on all his watery train.
It did not stay the waters in their flow,
The tide's great stress, the current, still were
strong;
But to each cruising keel that clove along
And asked that way to go,
It used its lust to answer yes or no,
And wantonly more often answered no.
From harbor mouth to river head,
From stream to stream and lake to lake,
That evil spell was like to spread,
And thy one web of commerce make
A thousand tatters torn and shred.

Then a wise master of the spell appeared,
To solve its magic bond :
He waved no wizard wand
Reverse, nor counter incantation whispered weird :
Simply the truth he spoke,
With truth the charm of falsehood broke ;
Daring thy law above the law invoke,
That young unmeasured might from sleep once more
he woke.
Thenceforth, O State, from fountain head to
sea
Thy waters all to every keel were free.
'Of many one,'
The motto for thy commerce from thy son ;
As one of many thou
Thyself in sequel now
Art, and shalt be, while oceans roll and rivers
run.

VIII.

He taught thy court of law to hear
Speech of a strain that there has since been mute,
Clear ethic tone, or Christian, that went near

To charge and change the place's atmosphere,
And give it higher other attribute
Than highest grave juridical dispute.

With wonder and with awe

Men saw

The lawyer leave the law,
Or raise it rather, while with easy ascent
Rising to his sublimer argument
He spoke to listening bench and bar
And reverent popular ear that heard from far,
Of Christ and of Christ's grace
To children, little children, of our race.

And conscience, that dread might within the breast,

How thrice more dreadful made

Seemed it, as he portrayed

The goad inexorable that gave no rest,
No pause, but ever urged and pressed
The sleepless guilty soul, till he confessed.

Mute now these high forensic strains,

Long mute, O State, but not their influence spent:

The memory and tradition yet remains

Transmitted, safe among thy glorious gains

Through him, thy son, a force and element

To lawyers for a less unworthy aim,
And spur to spurn ignoble ends with noble shame.

IX.

Nor served thee not that large bucolic life,
So simply lived, and grandly—simply, though
Report and rumor rife
And general gaze that could not gaze its fill
Made it a spectacle and show,
Whereof men pleased themselves with fabling
still.

He could not stay or go,
Could not at will
Unbend in casual jest, in manly sport,
But some, for love or thrift, would spread a wide
report.

The sun cannot be hid
The heavens amid,
The sun is seen, because he shines,
And the sun shines, because he is the sun,
And, sun-like, WEBSTER'S lines
Out into all the earth afar were run.

Such was the man, and so
His private life was public; all he did,
Or said, or was, was known,
And nothing could be hid;
And nothing needed, for his ways were good,
His most unguarded ways, and safely shown.
His noble simple ways
Supplied the speech of men with daily food
For honest praise—
Not idle, since to praise the good and fair
Is to grow like, through habit, unaware.
Men liked to hear and tell
How farmer's garb became the great man
well:
And everywhere the farmer felt more space,
An ampler air, a franker grace,
Ennoble his vocation, with the thought,
HE is a farmer, WEBSTER so has wrought.
Somewhat more noble they already who
Learn to think nobly of the work they do.
So a diffusive lesson of far reach
Thy WEBSTER taught, not studious to teach,
(As too he pleased, not studious to please)
When but he slipped the customary weight

Of public duty, or the lawyer's toil,
For intervals of ease
Sought in returns to that estate
From which he sprang, swart worker in the soil.

His way in farming all men knew ;
Way wide, forecasting, free,
A liberal tilth that made the tiller poor.
That huge Websterian plough what furrows drew !
Through fallows fattened from the barren sea.
Yoked to that plough and matched for mighty
size,
What oxen moved !—in progress equal, sure,
Unconscious of resistance, as of force
Not finite, elemental, like his own,
Taking its way with unimpeded course.
He loved to look into their meek brown eyes,
That with a light of love half human shone
Calmly on him from out the ample front,
While, with a kind of mutual, wise,
Mute recognition of some kin,
Superior to surprise,
And schooled by immemorial wont,
They seemed to say, We let him in,

He is of us, he is, by natural dower,
One in our brotherhood of great and peaceful power.

So, when he came to die
At Marshfield by the sea,
And now the end is nigh,
Up from the pleasant lea
Move his dumb friends in solemn, slow,
Funereal procession, and before
Their master's door
In melancholy file compassionately go ;
He will be glad to see his trusty friends once more.
Now let him look a look that shall suffice,
Lo, let the dying man
Take all the peace he can
From those large tranquil brows and deep soft eyes.
Rest it will be to him,
Before his eyes grow dim,
To bathe his aged eyes in one deep gaze
Commingle with old days,
On faces of such friends sincere,
With fondness brought from boyhood, dear.

Farewell, a long look and the last,
And these have turned and passed.

Henceforth he will no more,
As was his wont before,
Step forth from yonder door
To taste the freshness of the early dawn,
The whiteness of the sky,
The whitening stars on high,
The dews yet white that lie
Far spread in pearl upon the glimmering lawn ;
Never at evening go,
Sole pacing to and fro,
With musing step and slow,
Beneath the cope of heaven set thick with stars,
Considering by whose hand
Those works, in wisdom planned,
Were fashioned, and still stand
Serenely fast and fair above these earthly jars.
Never again. Forth he will soon be brought
By neighbors that have loved him, having known,
Plain farmers, with the farmer's natural thought
And feeling, sympathetic to his own.
All in a temperate air, a golden light,
Rich with October, sad with afternoon,
Fitly let him be laid, with rustic rite,
To rest amid the ripened harvest boon.

He loved the ocean's mighty murmur deep,
And this shall lull him through his dreamless sleep.
But those plain men will speak above his head,
This is a lonesome world, and WEBSTER dead !

Be sure, O State, that he,
So great, so simple, wrought for thee,
By only being what he could but be.
But how for thee, with pain and travail dear
He wrought, this yet some space I pray thee further
hear.

x.

Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill fast anchored
stand, to stand for aye
Part and parcel of thy mainland, as they stand se-
cure to-day ;
Part and parcel of thy story, wedded one with thee
in fate,
These fair names are sealed to glory fadeless as
thine own, O State !
But as fast as Rock or Hill is rooted in thine earthy
breast,

And as fast as their brave memory clings and clasps
thee East and West,
Even so fast, forever blended, braid in braid, and
strand with strand,
With them WEBSTER, name and fame, is bound in
one unsundered band.
Words are deeds, and in these places words were
spoken by thy son,
Dear to memory, dear and deathless, as the deeds
that here were done.

O the joy, the exultation, that by him had voice
at length,
Then when first the new-born nation guessed the
greatness of its strength!
How like ocean to his bases by the breath of tempest
stirred,
Did those seas of upturned faces surge beneath his
spoken word!

Young he was then, with his country, and he felt
the wine of youth
Leap along his bounding pulses in those morning
paths of truth.

The exultant young emotion in the multitudinous
heart
Of the people that to live for was his chosen patriot
part,
Seemed to find in his one bosom room capacious of
it all,
Where with flood and ebb like ocean it could heave
in rise and fall.
Yet his words of cheer were sober, and he checked
and chastened joy,
Teaching us, by heed of duty, in the man to merge
the boy.

Then to see him, then to hear him, speaking for
his country's cause,
Roused, yet showing that unbounded might unroused
within him was,
All the inward man in motion, mind, and heart, and
soul, and will,
Meet the outward man to match it and its great de-
sire fulfil—
Height elate, transfigured feature, majesty sublime
with grace,
Glorious in the awful beauty of Olympian form and
face ;

Voice that like the pealing clarion clear above the
battle loud

Pierced and thrilled the dinning noises of the mixed
tumultuous crowd ;

Thought that smote like bolted thunder, passion like
the central fires

Underneath the rocked volcano tossing to and fro
its spires ;

Slow imagination kindling, kindling slow, but flam-
ing vast

Over the wide tract of reason its far-beaming ray to
cast ;

Single words like stalwart warriors, of those mailed
knights of old,

Standing unsupported ready for the champion com-
bat bold ;

Words again in serried order, like an irresistible
host

Moving as one man in measure, with a tread to shake
the coast—

Eloquence rapt into action, action like a god, sub-
lime—

O the life, the light, the splendor, of that flush efful-
gent prime !

XI.

And thine he was, O State, this matchless man ;
The statesman still, whether in popular speech
He pleased yet awed the great promiscuous throng
And taught them that grave wisdom intermixed
With memories and with hopes inspiring joy,
Staid joy and wholesome, purged of vain conceit ;
Or in discourse statelier and more august,
Decent in his magnificent array,
He stood to speak before the flower and choice
Frequent of all the learning of the land ;
Or in the senate, prime among his peers,
Consulting and disputing matters high
Of general concernment ; or in turn
A counsellor of presidents, and wise
Head of ambassadors to nations, firm
And prudent opportunely to devise
The equal mutual league, forestalling war,
That knits kin states in peace and amity ;
Nay, even in legal argument full oft,
Defending private causes, his large thought,
Prompt in presaging heed of consequence,

Engaged him to a circumspection wide
Of what might help or harm the commonwealth :
Ever the statesman—this his statesmanship,
To keep thee whole and one to be a state,
A state, and not that lamentable doom
A hundred petty fragments of thyself,
Weakling and warring, each the prey of each,
And each and all the prey of foreign states,
Whichever need or greed or chance might
tempt

To tamper here with some poor sovereignty,
Belike republic called, the paltry prize
Of liberators and dictators, each
Mad to usurp his turn of brief misrule,
And vex his time the victim of his lust—
An endless line I seem to see them rise,
Of ever worse succession—sequel sad,
Unutterable, burlesque and irony
Of that which was—of that which might have
been,

Much more, nay is, or is, we trust, to be,
Since still thou art, O State, and still, though
changed,

Art whole and one, survivor of such ills !

That thou art such as now thou art, and not
Forever such as late thou wert too long,
That land foreboded, rent with civil feuds,
Nay, drenched, worse boding, with fraternal blood—
Thank him, thank WEBSTER chief among thy sons,
Thy sons so many noble, chiefly him.
These all loved thee, but he more wisely well,
Foreseeing farther, therefore differently,
And differently devising for thy weal.
Good patriots all alike they were, O State,
And lovers true of Freedom, mete them praise,
Their equal meed, full thanks and reverence due.
Bestow, stint not, they stinted not for thee,
Thou happy mother, rich in generous sons :
To thank their generous sons is thrift for states.
So always WEBSTER taught and practiced ; praise
To render, to receive, was his delight,
Such the childlikeness of his rich warm heart.
Late now, but praise him as of yore though late,—
Praise fits this master in the art of praise !
ADAMS and JEFFERSON, in fate and fame
Equalled by that conjunction in their death—
With what majestic eulogy those twain
He fixed as stars of a new Gemini

In the clear upper sky with WASHINGTON,
And with what joy rejoiced and bade rejoice
To hail them there, celestial auspices
Joined to the clustering constellated light
Of the kind heavens above our country bent,
Fresh beams to guide and cheer our walk beneath !
His praise was such that praise from him was fame.
His father's fame, his brother's too, is this,
That DANIEL praised them. How, amid
The jubilant acclamation loud that once
Hailed him in sudden chorus round the world
DEFENDER OF THE CONSTITUTION, how
Did that affectionate heart to kindred true
Miss from the song the hushed voice of his brother !
It was his childlike weakness to love praise,
But love with praise he hungered for like food.

But praise, they say, at last corrupted him
Degenerate from his first simplicity,
Touched him austere with pride and loftiness,
(His very greatness making him less great,)
Hindered those frugal manners which had graced
Such greatness, and as pattern borne fair fruit—
Not so, believe them not, they saw amiss :

Miscalled it pride, his scorn of popular arts ;
Hardness miscalled that sad sincerity
Of wisdom weary to have taught in vain ;
Miscalled it spendthrift and luxurious sloth,
That open purse, that unconcern to thrive ;
Light reck of due, unheeding hand and bond
Miscalled that all-engaging negligence
And habit of improvident delay,
Born of upright intention sure of self,
Joyful good will, and utter trust of friends.
The wronged great, sad, sincere, and simple heart !

Nay, what if he herein had erred indeed,
And those forsooth had gleaned a little flaw
Of less than perfect manly in the man ?
Sure, to such public virtue private fault
Not sordid, and so small, might be forgiven !

More to abhor, abhorrent more to truth,
Lies foully fit to that soft social heart
And genial warmth of vital temperament,
The tales they forge of reason, conscience, will—
That reason, and that conscience, and that will !—
Through sensual appetite sold into shame :

Shame that had been a tragedy of shame !
And shame that should, for me, abide not hid,
Full shown, a blot of contrast boldly black
Against the clear large splendor of his fame.

Still, mother State, and though the hideous lie
Were hideous truth, still, I would plead forgive,
Blame, but forgive, nor cast the shadow wide,
Making it one eclipse to darken all.

But pity and forgiveness proudly spare !
Simple and pure, though faultless not, yet pure,
Even to the end thy grave great son remained.
Heed thou them not that bid thee wail him fallen !
No spirit fallen and reprobate and lost
Inhabiting a body ulcerate
And sapped and foul with sins of sense, the man
Who still in reft old age could overmatch,
Repeating them, those miracles of his prime,
Twice wrought, O State, for thee, and twice postpone
Thine imminent doom ; postpone, but not avert
The inevitable ! Yet to postpone was much,
And saved thee—from thy fate it could not—through
Thy fate, beyond it, and despite. . Full soon

It came, the inexorable hour, and found
Thee ready, not too ready, to receive
The dreadful guest with meet return of grim
Abrupt fierce salutation, eye to eye.

XII.

O the magnificent firm front of fight,
Sportive and firm, as joyful with the joy
Of youth and strength presaging victory,
Which he that earlier fateful day opposed,
Single, to the whole phalanx of thy foes !
A gallant chieftain led them on, with gay
Audacity, and festive challenge flung,
To tempt the adversary. The august
Repóse with which that adversary took
Unmoved the shock of onset haply seemed
To them deceived, insensibility
Or dull capitulation to defeat ;
Not, what it was, the tranquil rest of power
At ease supping refreshment. Came betimes
Full undeceiving. Roused, at length, self-roused,
He moved and muttered thunder. Musical
And low that prelude, but it boded storm.

Storm lingered and the lovely lightning played
Some space gently and terribly its lithe
And lambent, beautiful wild play, while yet,
Lulled in the cavernous bosom of its cloud,
Dreamed the reluctant thunderbolt asleep.
It woke and on the wings of lightning flew,
Legion its name, and all the sky was fire.
Revealed within his lightning, there he stood,
The thunderer stood, and chose from out his
store

Of thunder, piled huge tiers, all moulds,
Thunder alive, each bolt, and each awake
Now, and uneasy, eager to be sped.
From these, with leisurely celerity
His missile messengers he chose, and charged
Them to make haste. Already they had flown :
Unhooded, from that dread right hand they flew,
They fled, they fell, falcons of fire, and found
Their quarry slain with terror ere with wound.

At last one farewell long melodious roll
Of boltless thunder mellow with remorse
And pathos for his country, and he ceased :
Clear sky again and cheerful sun in heaven.

Those foes discomfited were thine, O State,
' Thine, therefore his, and therefore overthrown.
A fruitful fateful hour it was for thee,
For him glorious, and well with glory crowned.
Yet glory more he merited, and more
Costly to him, nor gainful less to thee,
When after, all the flush of youth retired,
And that unanimous auxiliar hope
And sympathy of his fellows which before
Buoyed him elate upon the billowy breast
Of popularity, a rising tide—

This absent, and proposed to him the dire
Necessity of seeming for a time,
To some pure spirits intense, false to the plight
And promise that he swore with younger lips
To Freedom — yea, and it being moreover
dark

And doubtful whether all were not in vain
To do or suffer for a cause foregone—
He yet stood and withstood for thee, O State,
O Union, and for thee forbore his fame :
For thee, O Union, stood, nor less for thee,
O Freedom, since thou Freedom wast
By Union, and not otherwise, to thrive.

So then this strong vicarious spirit strove,
Not one brief hour of uttermost agony,
Dreadful and swift, but days, and weeks, and months,
Of inexhaustible patience and slow strength,
For us, and greatly stood, until he died
But did not fall. Unfallen he died, nor fell
Dying, nor yet being dead was fallen but stood.
Throughout, and to the end, and on beyond
The end, and endlessly, he stood—and held
These standing both, Union with Liberty,
Inseparably one, upright and safe :
The toiling elements tugged at him in vain.

XIII.

Fixed, like the pole,
He stood, whatever moved,
As if, though sole,
The shock to take, and break, it him behooved.

The shock he broke ;
The multitudinous main
Its waves awoke,
Woke all its waves, and stormed the rock in vain.

To join the waves,
The mustering winds went forth
From all their caves,
Against him, West and East and South and North.

The spinning void
Of whirlwind humming by
In its cycloid,
Paused, on that seated strength its strength to try.

And the floods came :
Deep called to deep aloud
Through the great frame
Of nature, 'twixt the billow and the cloud.

And deluge rolled,
From pole to pole one tide,
Waste as of old,
And weltering shouldered huge against his side.

The thunderbolt,
As when that Titan world
Rose in revolt,
Hot through the kindling air amain was hurled ;

And, whence it slept,
Like a swift sword unsheathed,
The lightning leapt,
And round him its fierce arms of flame enwreathed.

The rending throes
Of earthquake, to and fro,
From their repose
Rocked the perpetual hills, or laid them low.

And still he stood—
For the vexed planet still,
Created good,
Was whole, and held her course, and had her will.

Around him cloud,
Pale spectre of spent storm,
Clung, like a shroud,
And veiled awhile the inviolable form.

But umpire Time,
Serenely wise and just,
With slow, sublime,
Unalterable decision and august,

Cleansed this away,
And lo ! the glorious front,
In candid day,
Resumed, with solemn joy, its ancient wont.

On the grave face
Pain suffered and subdued
Had worn the trace
Of woman's passion and man's fortitude.

But other years,
In lengthening pilgrim train,
Came, and with tears
Wept out of thankful and remorseful pain,

Touched each deep score
That furrowed cheek or brow,
Forevermore
To majesty become pathetic now.

And men said, See !
This thunder-blasted form,
For you and me
Fain once to take the fury of the storm—

Is it not fair ?
Come, cluster round the feet,
Doubt not but there
Still to the mighty heart our praise is sweet.

XIV.

Forgive, O State,
Forgive me, that I dare anticipate
That which shall be ;
Clearly I see
Emerge the crescent of his fame from its eclipse :
The dawn is here,
And how shall I refrain my lips
From singing of the sunrise seen so near,
So near, so dear ?
HE knew eventual wisdom with thee lay,
And, trusting thee with a prophetic trust,
Well brooked to hear the hounds of faction bay
Confusing thee against him to their lust.
He loved thee, State, with self-postponing love :
At length, through him, at leisure to be just,
Pronounce, I pray,
To-day,

Thy late 'Well done,'
Well won,
Upon thy son,—
Late, but full-voiced and penitent, above
His dust.

xv.

Who boldly had begun, thus softly ceased :
Meek with his joy to deem the dawn increased.

C. R. W.

HARK!

BY C. R. W.

A TRUANT child o'ertaken by the dark,
In sad bewilderment, where two ways meet ;
White robes of morning draggled ; and her feet
Beclogged with mire ; and many a bleeding mark
Of awkward reach through briers, bristling stark,
For flowers, or berries which she dares not eat,
But clutches still ; scared at her own heart's beat,
And crying to the lonesome sky. When, hark !
A voice ! And from that frightened heart a voice
Responsive, thrilling up through cloud and night !
" My child ! " " O father, take me to the light ! "
Her apron emptied now from blessed choice !
Such, Lord, was I, when, through the dark, Thy call
Made empty all my heart for Thee, my All.

TO A WALNUT TREE IN OCTOBER.

BY C. R. W.

O STARRY-CRESTED wave of autumn fire,
In rapturous poise before my feasting eyes,
Stirring dim memories 'neath blissful skies,
Whereto my heart doth yearn,—poor, tuneless lyre!—
And to whose matchless harmony aspire!
In what far morning, where no shadow lies,
Amid what echoes of the glad surprise
When light was born, didst weave thy strange attire?
Didst garner sunshine from the emerald wells
Where rainbows sleep?—or, in the hidden ways
Where diamonds sparkle, fill thy thirsty cells
With living light to gild these perfect days?
No voice!—though such desire my heart impels
To win thy wondrous meaning while I gaze!

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